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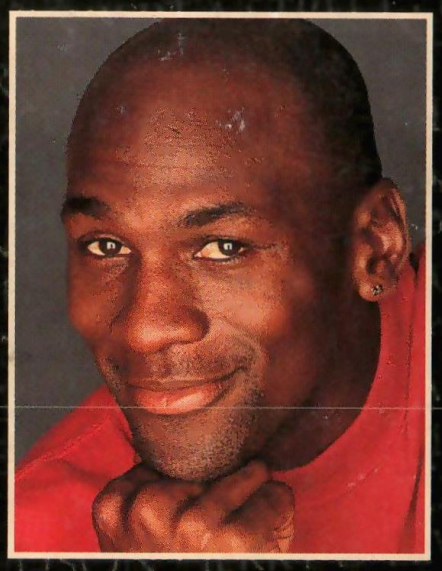
# LIFE



## ‘Hang Time’ with Michael Jordan

by Bob Greene

# Facing The Wall

After 10 years the Vietnam Memorial still moves us, surprises us — and asks us to remember

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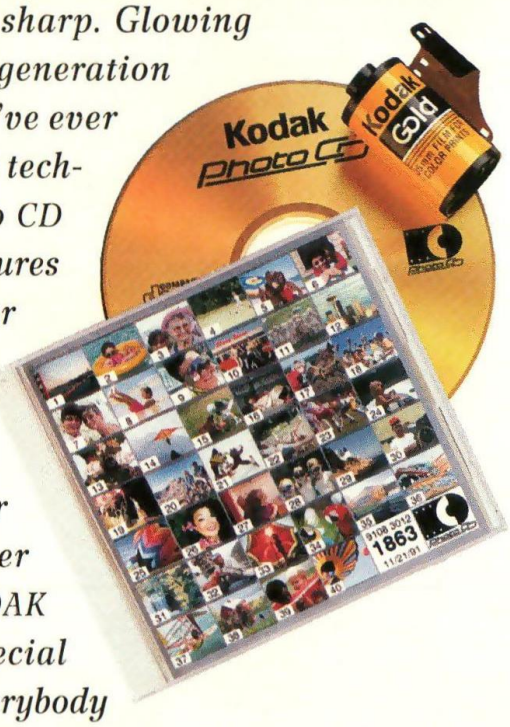


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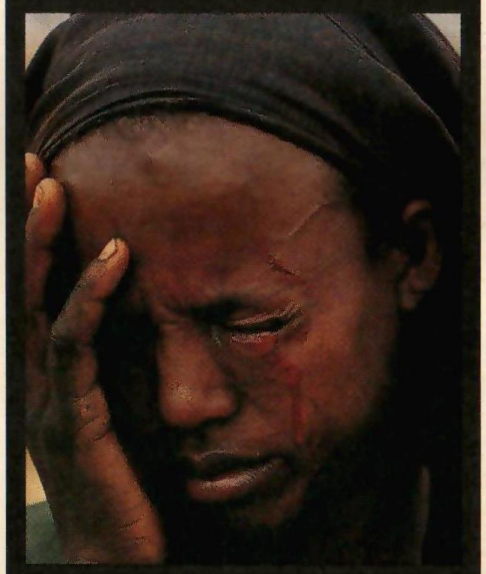
THE TRAGEDY OF SOMALIA

# WHAT CAN BE DONE?



"I found this woman alone, crying, the blood from her wound mixed in with her tears. A guard had beaten her with a stick when she tried to push her way into a feeding center that was running out of food. There is food in Somalia, that's the awful thing. It seems like every day Somali workers *[right]* unload sacks of donated food, and every day half that food is stolen by armed bandits."
—CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS

The next 10 pages contain some of the most startling photographs we have ever published. They are startling not only because of the question they so chillingly answer—what is really happening in Somalia?—but because of the question they insistently ask: How can these horrors be stopped?

Specifically, how can 1.5 million people be saved from death in a country overcome by famine, anarchy and rampant banditry? Since January 1991 Somalia has been engaged in civil war; since 1988 it has been in the grip of drought. The combination has led to a crisis of horrifying dimensions. Rival troops under the control of warring factions continue to steal food shipments for their own use. Roughly a quarter of all Somali children under five have already died, and although the rain has finally come to the drought-parched countryside, it is falling on dead bodies, bringing the perils of typhoid and cholera.

The world came too late to this crisis. While the U.S. government urged the U.N. to send aid as early as a year ago, we did not start a meaningful relief effort of our own until August. Meanwhile, with its customary caution, the U.N. was waiting for a stable regime to emerge before beginning humanitarian efforts. As it waited, Somalia turned into hell. Now many are asking whether, in a post–cold war world, multilateral intervention is an acceptable way to prevent the Somalias of the future.

How bad must things be before action can be taken? The U.N., which could serve as a moral enforcer, often seems powerless in such situations. Mozambique, Liberia and Zaire are already beset by civil war and drought; unless the world acts, another set of shocking photographs may soon appear. But even if relief is welcome in those nations, the soldiers who may be necessary to protect it are not likely to be. It will come down to the classic debate over intervention: At what point do the human rights of citizens take precedence over the political rights of their governments? Says Aryeh Neier, executive director of Human Rights Watch: "In an absolutely catastrophic situation, I do not find claims of sovereignty to have any significance." But until or unless this issue is addressed—some have even suggested the creation of an armed U.N. rapid-deployment force with the authority to act in anticipation of calamity—it is likely that the world community will be able only to react to devastation, never to prevent it.

In the meantime, as the photographers who have taken the pictures on the following pages explain in their own words, the problems of Somalia are desperate. The consensus among relief agencies is that massive amounts of food can make a difference; with enough shipments, food will cease to be the currency of war and will find its way into the right hands. For those who wish to help, checks may be sent to the Red Cross Somalia Relief Fund, P.O. Box 37243, Washington, D.C. 20013.—*The Editors*

CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS/MAGNUM PHOTOS (2)

# "THESE ARE THE BODIES OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S DEAD.

They are wrapped in food sacks that held rice donated by the U.S. Each morning Somali grave diggers drive truckloads of bodies to makeshift cemeteries out in the bush."
—PAUL LOWE

PAUL LOWE/NETWORK-MATRIX

# "THIS MOTHER AND CHILD ARE EXTREMELY FORTUNATE.

They might actually live because she's managed to find about the only decent place in Somalia, an Austrian relief center in Mogadishu. Here they will be fed and receive medical care. At most centers workers throw rice and beans at the starving, and if they are too weak to chew and swallow, too bad."
—CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS

*(Opposite)* "Thousands of mud and stick huts covered in blue plastic, just over the border in Kenya, are home to at least 65,000 Somalis escaping the famine and violence. I met one man and his family at this refugee camp who had walked 400 miles, barefoot, to get here. One was blind from malnutrition. Three died along the way. There was some food in the man's village, but he decided that the risk of staying and getting shot by a gang was greater than the risk of leaving. It was the promise of this miserable, primitive place that kept them going day after day."
—JOHN TROTTER

CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS/MAGNUM PHOTOS

JOHN TROTTER/*THE SACRAMENTO BEE*–JB PICTURES

# "IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND CHILDREN MORE THAN FIVE YEARS OLD IN SOMALIA.

This little baby was born on the road 10 days earlier while his mother was walking to a feeding center. Hundreds of people were milling around, looking at him, but there was nothing anybody could do. His mother held him, and two hours after I took this picture, he died."
—JEAN-CLAUDE COUTAUSSE

JEAN-CLAUDE COUTAUSSE/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

# "THE GUARD WAS BEATING BACK PEOPLE WHO WERE CROWDING IN TO GET FOOD.

Everybody at this Red Cross feeding center is hungry, and they become increasingly agitated as the day goes on because they know there isn't enough to feed them all. The magnitude of desperation and helplessness is hard to convey. It's an apocalypse, a living hell."
—ANDREW HOLBROOKE

ANDREW HOLBROOKE/BLACK STAR

# "I THINK THIS IS A GIRL—IT'S HARD TO TELL WHEN THEY ARE SO SKELETAL.

She was with her brother, who was about 12 years old, at a feeding center in Baidoa. She was in very bad shape. And as far as I know, they only had each other. It isn't likely she survived."

—ANDREW HOLBROOKE

ANDREW HOLBROOKE/BLACK STAR

Bill Clinton, Madonna or Mom—who gets *your* vote?

# Our Times

**A monthly report on the state of the culture**

If a high school is a city, then the principal is the mayor. The guidance counselor is, maybe, the police chief. The halls are the streets. At Edison High in Virginia's Fairfax County, Cleveland Walker works the streets.

As the school custodian, he sweeps and mops and moves furniture. But mostly he points people in the right direction. Students, that is.

Last year a senior named Michael Terrell fought a lot. His teacher told him to chat with Walker. Walker figured out that Terrell was frustrated because he couldn't read well, and they worked at it together. Terrell stopped fighting and graduated. Ti Juan Petty, the school's best basketball player, was jeopardizing a college scholarship by not showing up for school on time. Now Walker gives him a wake-up call each morning at six.

TERRY ASHE

**School custodian Cleveland Walker: an unexpected mentor**

This may seem like a lot of responsibility for a man who, after all, is trained to be a custodian and who, at 49, just earned his own high school equivalency degree. But watching Walker work the halls, slapping hands and calling out nicknames, shows how he can reach kids. As Petty puts it, "With most adults you're scared. But Mr. Walker talks to us like a friend."

As to his motivation, Walker explains it indirectly. "I tell them, 'Life is not a game. You need to get your education and stay away from drugs. Because these things will kill you.' I say, 'I used to tell a young man the same thing. He didn't listen, and he got killed.' They say, 'Who was that, Mr. Walker?' I say, 'It was my son.' They never found the person who killed him."

Two years ago, Walker was recommended for a supervisor's job, a promotion with a raise. But it would have taken him out of the school. He turned it down for a simple reason: "I love all the children, I love what I do." Cleveland Walker wants to stay on the streets.

## CAMPAIGN NOTES

■ For its coverage of the presidential election, MTV surveyed 500 voters from its key 18-29 demographic group to discover the "individuals admired and viewed as role models." Pollsters provided a field of 11 choices. Bill Clinton (who was selected by 46%) didn't do as well as Your Mother (92%), Your Father (84%) or Magic Johnson (53%). But he did beat out Barbara Bush (42%), Arnold Schwarzenegger (37%) and George Bush (34%). The President fared better only than Murphy Brown (29%), Hillary Clinton (22%), Madonna (12%) and rapper Ice-T (11%). A vast majority of respondents felt that **Clinton would "throw the best parties."** However, President Bush was cited as the candidate "you would most like to have dinner with at their home." So long, presumably, as his home is the big one at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

■ The Smithsonian Institution, which has been collecting campaign memorabilia since the 1880s, is already assembling this year's trove. According to one curator, it includes a **Democrats for Broccoli button;** Bush/Quayle golf balls; dark sunglasses with the Clinton insignia; and a ballot, passed out at the Democratic National Convention, in support of Hillary Clinton's chocolate-chip cookies.

■ National elections used to mean brisk new business for at least one sector of the economy: Washington, D.C., real estate, where losers sold their homes and winners bought them. But the growth in recent years of a permanent government—lawyers, lobbyists, back-office staff—has the city's realtors in a funk. **"We call it Potomac fever,"** says agent Dorothy Mulkern. "People hunker down here for a long time."

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## Two rivals throw down the gauntlet—shall it be pistols or cards?

BOB MCNEELY/JB PICTURES

**Heading into the final stretch, Bill Clinton kept up a grueling pace, sleeping six hours a night, often visiting three cities a day and taking quick "power naps" on his plane, surrounded by a few favorite items—a quilt from a fan, a good mystery and, as always, the King.**

# LOCAL REPORT

■ Marc Goldstone, a mayoral candidate in Irvine, Calif., has offered his campaign contributors what may be **the world's first aboveboard political give-back deal.** Goldstone, 36, promises that if he reverses himself on any issue, donors can call him up and demand a refund. Then, "If you are still not completely delighted with our program to improve Irvine, I will gladly return your full contribution." Goldstone, a computer-industry designer, is not expected to win. This may prove lucky for him in the long run.

■ In this election season, close races have already led to **some unconventional methods of tie-breaking.** When John H. Farr Jr. and Kathryn Franks each received 106 votes in their bids for a seat on the Columbiana, Ala., city council, the winner was chosen by drawing names from a hat. (Farr won.) And in a GOP primary for the Arizona legislature, John Gaylord and Richard Kyle tied with 3,762 votes each. "Considering this is the Old West, we figured there are only two reasonable ways to do this," said Kyle. "Pistols or cards." Kyle took out his opponent in a game of five-card stud. ➳

# WOMEN'S LIB

■ If housework is included, **women work more hours a week than men** everywhere in the world but North America and Australia, according to a U.N. study. The largest discrepancies were in Africa and Asia, where wives tallied up to 14 more work hours per week than their husbands. Japanese men help around the house a scant 15 minutes a day. And in this hemisphere, despite a law that actually requires Cuban men to pitch in, it turns out that 96 percent of the women in rural Cuba do all the work in their homes.

■ Researchers at American University, studying **the societal image of the ideal female body,** analyzed 30 years' worth of body measurements from women who supposedly represent feminine perfection—*Playboy* centerfolds and Miss America contestants. Finding that the subjects' body weight was 13 to 19 percent below normal, the study's authors landed on the obvious conclusion: The "ideal" woman has an eating disorder.

ADAM BUTLER/PRESS ASSOCIATION

**Natasha Mihaljic, nine, lived in a Sarajevo orphanage until three months ago, when she was smuggled to Britain by a journalist and found herself in the first family home she has ever known. But war plays cruel tricks: The orphanage is asking that she be returned.**

# AROUND THE GLOBE

■ **One rusty bicycle, 80 moldy shirts, 24 model airplanes and a busted VCR** were recently carried off by bidders at a Beijing auction house, to the delight of a paying audience. In the Mao years, auctions were illegal in China, but creeping capitalism is bringing them back. One woman, asked why her husband had bid on eight skirts, replied, "For his own use, of course." She didn't comment on his next offer, for 100 sets of women's underwear.

■ Another school year began in France with the usual ho-hum curriculum of reading, writing, remoulade and Roquefort. A group called the Conseil National des Arts Culinaires has become so concerned about **inroads made on the indigenous cuisine by fast and frozen foods** that it is offering an *education du goût* (taste education) program to some 25,000 schoolchildren, ages eight to 11. The seminars address such subjects as table setting and food origins (foie gras from Perigord, the best butter from Normandy). "I won't tell you that our students don't eat hamburgers anymore," says a Conseil spokeswoman. But she does report that some of the pint-size connoisseurs, having learned that food tastes better in a peaceful environment, are asking their parents to turn down the TV.

■ Mexico's rush to modernize has left its citizens disoriented, agitated and popping Stresstabs in record numbers. As pollution, overcrowding and unemployment worsen, Mexicans are turning to hot lines, group therapy and relaxation techniques. In Mexico City electronic billboards blink emergency numbers for those in emotional crisis, and **Neuroticos Anonimos has just opened its 60th chapter.**

■ The new world order is causing major headaches for cartographers. So far, **the National Geographic Society has updated its world map a record six times** this year. And Rand McNally is promising buyers of its recently released *Today's World* atlas that if the world changes again before the close of 1993, they will receive an updated world map for free. The last time the company made a similar offer was during World War II.

LAURA SIKES

**Last year, hoping to promote reconciliation with Indochina, the Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation opened a free clinic on the Tonle Sap River to provide Cambodians with artificial limbs. Over 30,000 Cambodians have lost limbs to forgotten land mines during the past two decades of civil war. Each month, as refugees return, another 300 are injured.**

FORREST ANDERSON/GAMMA-LIAISON

**China's policy of restricting families to one child each has spawned a generation of only children and a parental habit of indulging their every whim, no matter how extravagant. This toddler receives the royal treatment in a plaza in Beijing.**

# HELLO AND GOODBYE

■ How do you erect a Keep Out sign that will last 10,000 years? The Department of Energy will have to answer that question if it goes ahead with plans to build the world's largest permanent nuclear-waste repository 2,000 feet beneath the New Mexico desert—a cache so toxic that all humans will have to be warned away from the area for 10 millennia. A panel of linguists, geologists and artists convened by the DOE has come up with several preliminary notions. Few utilize English, since nobody knows whether it will be spoken in 11,992 A.D.; instead, the panelists are thinking visually. One envisions a forest of 80-foot-high basalt spikes pointing forbiddingly in all directions; another suggests a huge earthwork in the shape of the atomic trefoil graphic familiar from bomb shelters. The most eloquent, however, may be **a huge image of a human face, hands held to head,** in the style of Edvard Munch's *The Scream*.

■ The out-of-towners were bad enough: cars with license plates from Michigan, Ohio and New Jersey whose **drivers gawked at the wreckage that Hurricane Andrew left** all across south Florida. "Some had video cameras," reports Sandie Mancauskas, who lives in devastated Homestead. "I hope they're getting their jollies." Now tour buses have been spotted going through the damaged areas. Al Rosenberg, owner of Florida Adventure Tours, insists he isn't "morbidly cruising the neighborhoods. We specialize in nature tours. We're going to look at damaged trees." That's small solace to those who suffered the hurricane's force. "We're not some sideshow attraction," says Donna Hawake of Homestead. Hurricane Andrew took Hawake's home, her car and her job. ➳

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## What? Do it *Sinatra's* way?

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

■ In a disturbing instance of hard statistics actually supporting tabloid headlines, the FBI has reported that **children are committing more and more murders.** Recent news stories about the Los Angeles girl who recorded in her diary her eventually successful plans to kill her father, or about the five teenagers from New Jersey who strangled a classmate as he recited the Hail Mary, underscore the numbers in the FBI report: The homicide arrest rate for juveniles between 1981 and 1990 went up 60 percent, compared with an adult increase of 5.5 percent. According to experts, these statistics are not just an inner-city, crack and gang phenomenon, but reflect child abuse, the ubiquity of handguns and a generalized cultural acceptance of violence.

■ Hard-hit computer consultants have come up with a novel way to get their clients to pay for services rendered: **incorporating so-called logic bombs** into their programs. If the buyer doesn't pay up, he discovers a glitch in his program—a glitch that will mutate into a full-fledged systems crash without the proper "antidote," provided by its creator. Unscrupulous programmers have taken it a step further: sabotaging *everybody's* software and waiting for the repair orders to roll in. Have to pick those targets carefully, though: One Manhattan law firm had a second consultant cure its virus and then sued the first for $25,000 in damages.

■ Troublemakers at Riverside-Brookfield High in suburban Chicago are being forced to serve after-school sentences in the **Frank Sinatra Detention Club.** There, for 30 minutes, they must sit utterly still—no talking, no homework, no snoozing—and listen to Ol' Blue Eyes croon. "The kids hate it. They're miserable," reports teacher Bruce Janu, a Sinatra fan who devised the club as a way to make detention more fun for him, less so for the kids. "It just got to where I couldn't stand it," said one senior. "It was so boring." Janu isn't totally heartless, though. He lets students sing along if they want—but nobody does.

RICHARD MILDENHALL

**For 23 years, Britain's Natural Theater Company has amused audiences with its "ambient theater"—street performances that involve passersby. This traveling skit, the Coneheads, is their most popular—not least among the befuddled, shutterbugging tourists it is meant to satirize.**

# A HOPEFUL SIGN

■ Wally Taylor was so broke he couldn't pay his telephone bill, but otherwise life was good. He was heading off for Australia's coast to roam the beach and sleep in a trailer. "What better life could there be than eating fruit and coral trout and just taking it easy?" asked the 61-year-old, reclining beneath a palm tree. But Taylor hadn't figured on buying a lottery ticket worth a million dollars. **Rich beyond his wildest dreams, he had to decide what to do.** It turned out to be pretty easy: In a half hour he gave some to friends and relatives, and the rest to medical research. "I'm not a nut," he reasoned. "I'm very happy to have traded all that money for a quiet life in the tropics." Taylor still buys a lottery ticket each week. If he wins again, he'll give it away in even less time—"since I'm more experienced at it now." ▭

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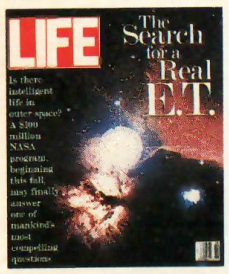
# LETTERS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Is there intelligent life in outer space? A $100 million NASA program, beginning this fall, may finally answer one of mankind's most compelling questions

## STAR SEARCH

Readers of your September cover story, "Is Anybody Out There?" will certainly agree with writers Dava Sobel and Arthur C. Clarke that the NASA SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) project could be the best bargain in history—as well as tremendously important. Unfortunately, Washington continually wrangles over this project's budget, placing it in perpetual jeopardy. This mentality would have kept Americans from walking on the moon.

Gene Poteat
McLean, Va.

## QUAYLE MAIL

Thanks for a fair look at the Vice President ["Being Dan Quayle"]. In a time of constant media attacks, the unbiased report was refreshing.

W. Scott Benton
Nashville, Tenn.

The media complain about smooth-talking politicians who cater to special interest groups. Yet, now that we have a Vice President who has the courage to stand firm for what he believes, LIFE portrays him as inadequate and out of touch with the people. Well, for the multitudes who believe in family values, I say, "Keep up the fight, Dan—we'll be there on Election Day!"

Denise Helsabeck
Troy, Ill.

I was surprised to find a photograph of the Quayles sitting at family breakfast, each happily engaged in reading. Apparently talking with one another at mealtime is not a family value.

Sheila Morgan
Oak Bluffs, Mass.

## SPORTING SNOOZER

One of the Japanese parliament members shown sleeping during a four-day filibuster [Just One More] is Antonio Inoki, leader of the Sports and Peace party. He is the wrestler who in 1976 "fought" Muhammad Ali, mostly on his back, in a farcical wrestling-boxing "standoff."

Paul Kelso
Tochigi, Japan

▶ *Perhaps the politician has been dealt retribution for boring millions of sports fans.*—ED.

**Special issue on 40 Years of Rock and Roll on sale November 9. December issue on sale November 23.**

*Address letters to LIFE Letters, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.*

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# PUPDATE

Our article "Not Fit for a Dog" left hundreds of readers fit to be tied. Their fury at the inhumane conditions of "puppy mills"—as seen in our photographs of two such dog-breeding farms in South Dakota—was considerable. Kathleen MacKenzie of Naples, Fla., echoed the sentiments of many: "Perhaps in lieu of a fine, the despicable owners of these puppy mills should be sentenced to 'time' in the very same cages in which they place innocent animals." Numerous letters cited the inadequate government regulation of animal breeding. "Until we have strong, binding, *enforced* laws, the animals' plight will remain the same," a Dallas correspondent said. Others emphasized the need to be careful pet shoppers. Commented Corinne Kelly of Antioch, Calif.: "Your article taught me to appreciate my husband's insistence on driving 1,500 miles to acquire our puppy from the breeder."

*Foster mother Auld and Goldie.*

About a dozen angry letters were directed at us. "We take serious exception to the piece's suggestion that such conditions are broadly representative of professional kennels in the U.S.," wrote Robert Brandt, president of American Professional Pet Distributors, Inc., a national pet industry association. Yet a rottweiler breeder in northern California, once past her "tears, nausea, hurt and anger," felt that our reporters and photographer "deserve the 'Hero to Dog' award for capturing man's best friend at the mercy of humans at their worst!"

Many asked whether the two puppy mill owners—Shirley Myers, of Mitchell, and Gary Haiar, of Wessington Springs—have been punished. Although the case against Myers is still pending, Haiar has admitted guilt to two criminal counts of inhumane treatment of animals in a plea bargain with the state's attorney. While his two-year jail sentence was shortened to just 60 days, the Humane Society of the United States says that the conditions placed on the puppy mill owner constitute an unprecedented victory: Haiar is banned for life from the dog and cat breeding business. The 200-plus breeding dogs and puppies (and a few cats) that the Sioux Falls Humane Society had seized from his farm and placed in protective custody and foster care are now being adopted.

One dog in particular received an outpouring of reader attention: a three-legged golden retriever caged with a dead penmate. We are happy to report that Goldie, as she is now called, is living with a family in Sioux Falls. While her physical health has improved—only 30 pounds when rescued, she now weighs 45—the trauma of her past still haunts: She is extremely fearful of people. A gentle dog, she is slowly beginning to come around, but may never exhibit the happy-go-lucky temperament so common to her breed. Foster mother Barbara Auld knows that. She says, "I'm just trying to let Goldie know that she's loved."

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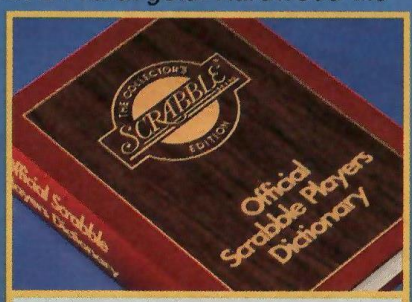


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# FACING THE WALL

Ten years after the dedication of the Vietnam Memorial, the events

JOE MCNALLY/SYGMA

s of a typical day show that its power has not diminished

A dawn jogger is the day's first visitor to the long, black, chevron-shaped memorial wall. On average, the 140 slabs of polished granite are seen by 10,000 visitors daily—more, even, than the number who call on the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument or the White House.

BILL EPPRIDGE

On a hot August 4, at 3:30 a.m., a veteran of the Vietnam war throws himself off his hospital bed and wakes up pounding his head on the floor. His dream—part nightmare, part flashback—has been cut off again, as it is every night. In the dream, he is driving his truck in Vietnam, when the lights on the truck he is following vanish. Something happens next that he will not let himself remember. "I hit my face this time," he says. "I never get to the other side."

Bill Mohr is 47. He is slender. He wears glasses so thick that they make a mask. For two weeks, he's been at the VA Medical Center in Coatesville, Pa., one of 38 men in a special unit for posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD). He is new to the program at Coatesville—one of 20 such programs nationwide—and thus new to the business of facing himself. Later today he will face the wall, which is part of the unit's therapy. Yesterday he helped make a wreath, but he doesn't know what he'll feel when he's there. He doesn't know what he felt in Vietnam. Mohr served 26 years ago. Since then he has had more than 50 jobs, has done heroin, burglaries and time. His wife has left him. His parents are dead. He is unsteady, if not unstable. "I believe something happened," he says. "But I can't figure it out."

LORI GRINKER/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

**The VA bus rolls on toward its noontime destination: The Wall.**

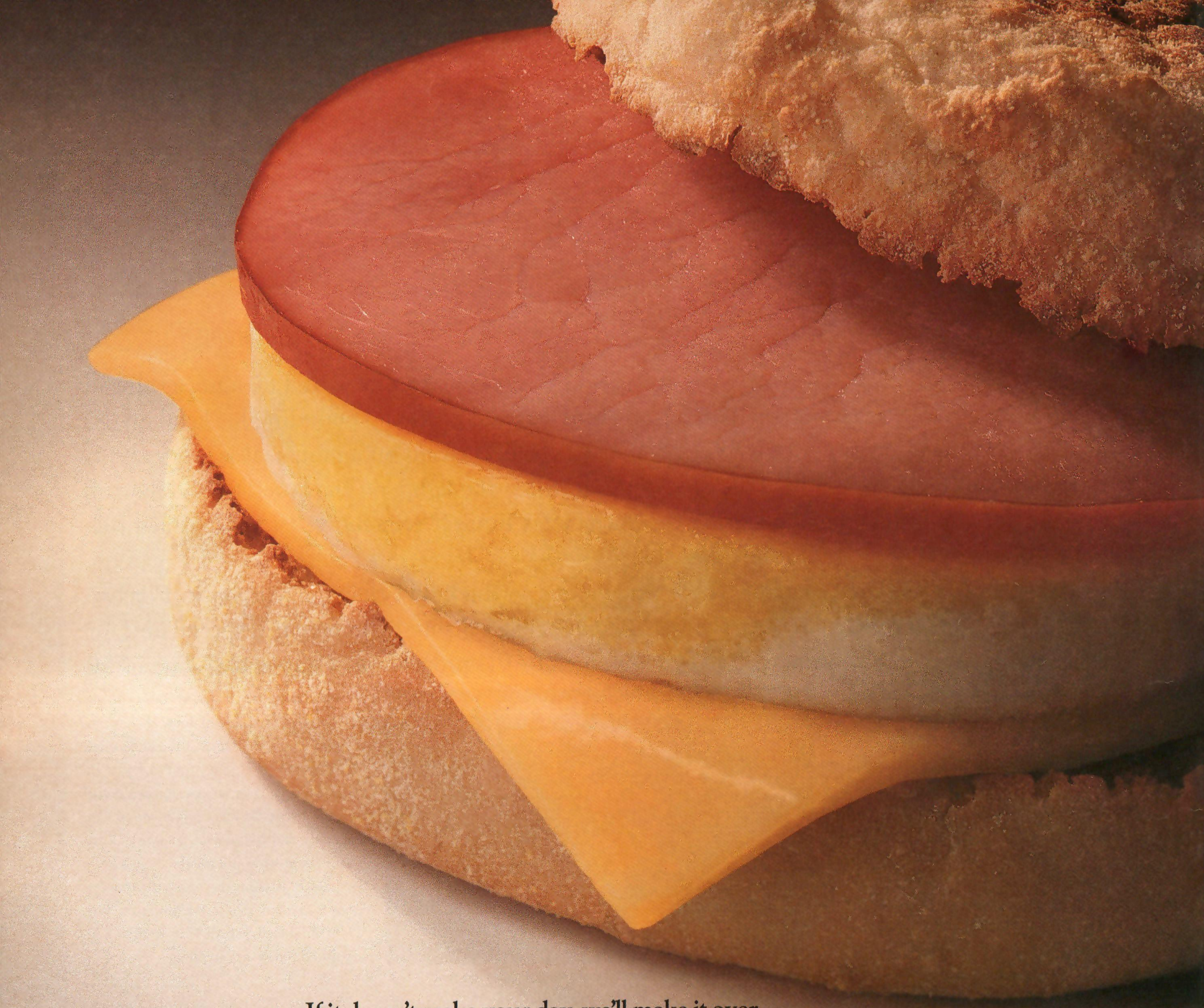
At 5:45 Mohr is still awake. Next door LaRue Smith pulls out his journal and sits down to write, as he's done many times. All night long the men in the ward have slept, then awakened, then gone out to smoke, then watched TV, then gone back to bed, appearing and disappearing like ghosts. Victims of PTSD usually have trouble with sleep. The nightmares that wake them are memories; the memories keep them awake. But tonight the prospect of seeing the wall is particularly disturbing.

In the morning—the real morning—despite the safety of sunlight and the routine of medication, showers and breakfast, there is little relief. At a picnic table outside, some of the veterans gather to smoke—the only vice they're allowed here—and to talk to about the trip. "I'm kind of anxious," says Rick Cullinan, who watched his friend Eugene Hill die, saw a boy blown up by a land mine and hasn't worked in 10 years. "I don't know what to expect," says former sergeant Lester Kearney, who plans to leave a letter for a soldier whose death he feels he caused. "Why am I so afraid of facing the wall?" asks Frank Ham, who earned three Purple Hearts on two tours of duty. No one answers Ham. He says, "Because once you face the wall, you've got to deal with it." The "it," of course, is not really the wall but what it has come to stand for, namely death, heroism, memory, fear, guilt, gratitude and waste.

At 8:30 a.m. the bus pulls out for the four-hour trip to Washington. The bus is labeled VA Medical Center and painted red, white and blue.

Walls, by definition, separate, enclose, define. In and out, den and bedroom, east and west, mine and yours. Wars are fought about walls or their geographic equivalents, which are borders. The Vietnam war was a conflict in which it was never clear where the enemy was: a conflict without a reliable border, let alone a tangible wall. Ironically, the American monument to that war is a wall: The Wall. Fittingly, it is a wall that unites. Often it unites children with friends of their dead fathers. Sometimes it unites those who fought in the war with those who fought against it. Usually, because of the

TEXT: LISA GRUNWALD
REPORTING: JAN MASON, STEVEN PETROW



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way that its surface reflects the faces of onlookers, it unites the present with the past. But at its best, as the staff at Coatesville has learned, the wall unites veterans with themselves. Says Dr. Steven Silver, a veteran and psychologist who runs the Coatesville program and has been to the wall some 60 times: "The wall is like a Rorschach test. It allows people to project onto it whatever it is that they're carrying around."

The wall was dedicated 10 years ago this month, after a 48-hour vigil at Washington Cathedral during which all the names on it were read aloud. An enormous, embracing, black granite tombstone, it is a public place where people grieve. It isn't as simple as a statue, or as static as an honor roll. Since it was built, it has provoked tears, brought peace, taught lessons, framed demonstrations and, in one case, been the scene of a suicide. It is unlike any monument—especially the familiar white icons on the Mall to which it points—not only because of the grief it inspires but because it is abstract and black and so simple.

When its design was first made public, in 1981, it aroused a furious argument. The proposed monument was called a "black gash" by one veteran, a "nihilistic statement" by another. Its blackness meant death to some critics, reminded others of Vietcong pajamas. The fact that it had no heroic images, no flags, no embellishments; the fact that it was built into the earth instead of towering above it suggested to some that the wall was an insult, a cruel black line underscoring the nation's shame about the war that it didn't win.

Since those arguments began—and were finally quieted by the addition, in 1984, of a more traditional statue 100 yards away—the wall has become the most visited monument in Washington, its 58,183 names seen by one and a half million people a year. And while it is undeniable that the wall is less a monument to war's glory than to its pain, the fact is that it does bring honor, if honor can be understood as awareness mixed with awe.

'THE WALL IS LIKE A RORSCHACH TEST,' SAYS ONE VA MEDICAL CENTER PSYCHOLOGIST. 'IT ALLOWS PEOPLE TO PROJECT ONTO IT WHATEVER IT IS THAT THEY'RE CARRYING AROUND'

On this particular August day, a father is telling his two young sons, "They fought for us. They died for us." Sandy Mazur, from Pennsauken, N.J., has come to look for the name of the man who taught her how to dance. Brad Ballinger, 17, from Sacramento, Calif., has found two Ballingers and made rubbings of their names. "They might be family," he says to his girlfriend. Evelyn Lahman of Rural Retreat, Va., and her son Russell, 17, stand drenched to the skin in the midst of an afternoon shower, trying to find the name of a cousin. Two children argue about whether the bodies of the dead are buried behind the wall. Dr. George Pera, a Presbyterian minister from Alexandria, Va., says: "It's the names that draw you. Every one of these names is a human being with a family, and it goes on forever." Virgie Hurst, 76, from Aurora, Nebr., was a draft board clerk in her hometown for nearly 20 years. None of the men she helped draft is on the wall, but the son of her mother-in-law's neighbor is. Few people here, it seems, don't ➤➤

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/BLACK STAR

Some 100 volunteers assist National Park Service rangers as they help visitors to locate names. They provide papers and soft lead pencils for rubbings and, when needed, lend a listening ear to those who wish to talk. At the end of each shift, the mementos left at the base of the wall—snapshots and teddy bears, Purple Hearts and unopened cans of beer— are carefully collected, logged and preserved in a warehouse.

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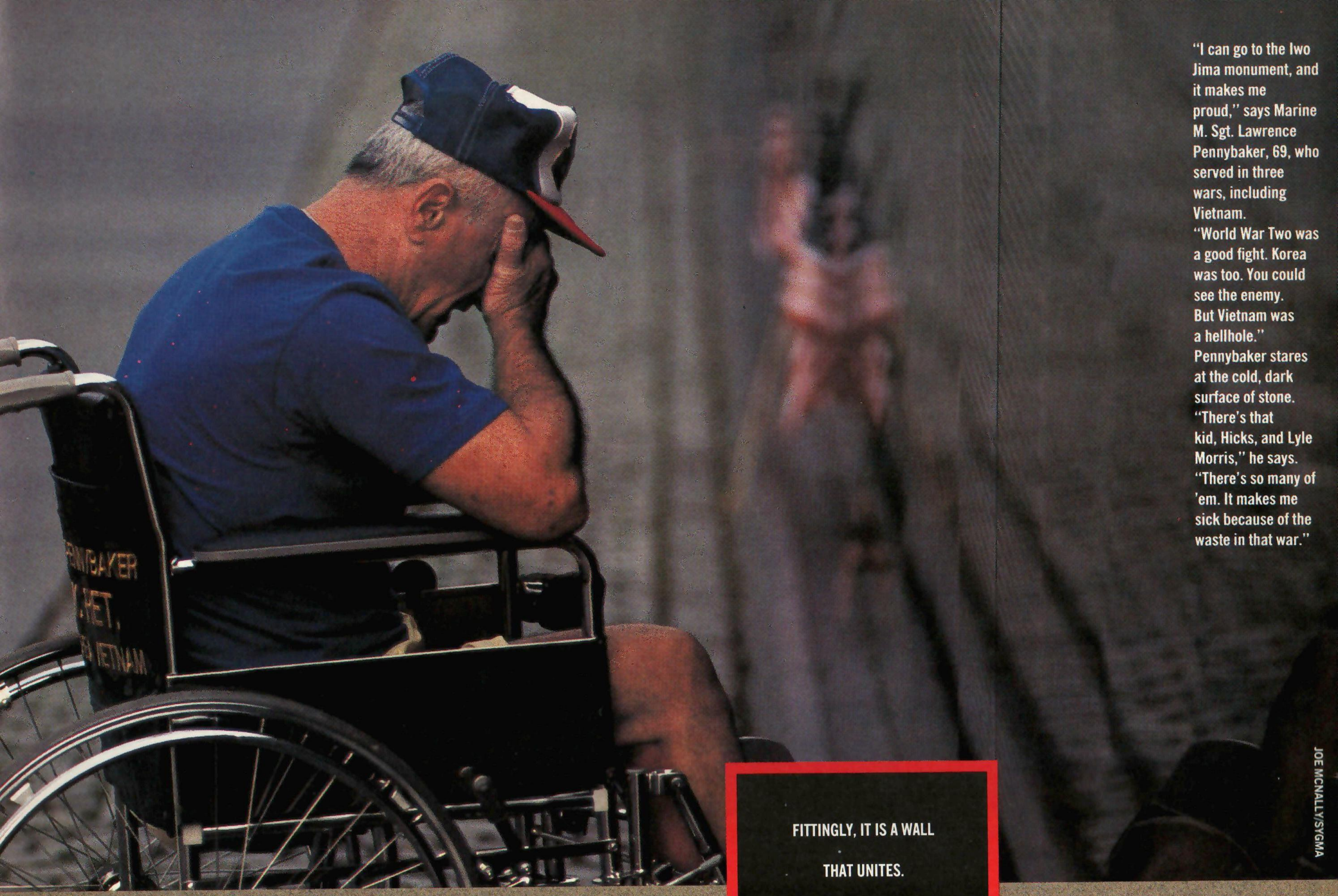

"I can go to the Iwo Jima monument, and it makes me proud," says Marine M. Sgt. Lawrence Pennybaker, 69, who served in three wars, including Vietnam.
"World War Two was a good fight. Korea was too. You could see the enemy. But Vietnam was a hellhole."
Pennybaker stares at the cold, dark surface of stone.
"There's that kid, Hicks, and Lyle Morris," he says. "There's so many of 'em. It makes me sick because of the waste in that war."

JOE MCNALLY/SYGMA

know someone who knew someone who died or was lost in the war.

Across the park, no one strokes the words on the Lincoln Memorial. But at the wall, the inch-high names are probed and caressed, copied and kept, and left covered, by the end of each day, with a film of fingerprints. Even Madison Avenue knows this. A current ad for American cotton growers shows a child touching the wall while the jingle plays: "The touch, the feel, the fabric of our lives . . ." And Hollywood also has found this out. This morning, while Frank Ham and Bill Mohr and the others from Coatesville are still on their way to the monument, Melanie Griffith is standing near the wall wearing a white eyelet bustier and waiting for a cue. She is filming the remake of *Born Yesterday* (with Don Johnson in the William Holden role), and a trip to the Vietnam wall has become, in the updated version, a mandatory lesson in the education that the savvy journalist gives the vapid blond. Along the path beside the monument, members of the movie crew wear headsets and direct 50 extras to file past the wall with reverence. Several push strollers with plastic dolls in them. It's all script, artifice and lighting tricks until the cameras stop and the extras become citizens: They do what all visitors do when they see the wall. They touch it.

**FITTINGLY, IT IS A WALL THAT UNITES. OFTEN IT UNITES CHILDREN WITH FRIENDS OF THEIR DEAD FATHERS. SOMETIMES IT UNITES THOSE WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR WITH THOSE WHO FOUGHT AGAINST IT**

Other perfunctory visitors—the lunchers, the joggers, the tourists who come to the site simply because it is in their guidebooks—are often unexpectedly moved. That may be a function of time, because it is so rare to see a monument to people one could have known. "This is my history," says Barry Heffner, who's come here from Schuylkill Haven, Pa. A trip to the wall forces most visitors to confront—and embrace—a past that is strangely obscure.

For the men on the bus, though, as well as the hundreds of thousands of veterans who've come before, seeing the wall is an attempt to confront—and release—a past that is all too present.

On the way to Washington, it invades the bus; Bob Green, who rarely sleeps through the night, has dozed his way into a nightmare and awakens with a wail. A therapist moves to him, touching and talking, making sure he is responding.

Fifteen minutes later, another cry shatters an uneasy silence. "I'm all f---ed up!" Bill Mohr shouts. "It's the wall!" he cries. "It's something I have to do! I keep seeing all these dead people!"

Just past noon, and just past the White House, passersby start to wave at the bus. Some of the 30 veterans on board look up, surprised, then ➳

wave back, gleeful, at this late, fleeting, hero's welcome.

When the bus finally stops, the men are quiet. They file out into the heat and light. The Mall area is a shock: humid, crowded, chaotic. Lester Kearney walks down to find the name Preston John Snyder. Snyder was under Kearney's command when Kearney told him to get some rest. Instead of going out on maneuvers, Snyder was ambushed and killed in camp. Now Kearney, with his own reflection before him, unfolds the two-paragraph letter that took him four hours to write. The heat is oppressive, and Kearney sweats. "Dear John," he reads. "Forgive me for not saying goodbye. Forgive me for not being brave enough to ask for your forgiveness." Kearney stumbles, his eyes filled with tears. "I love you," he continues, "and I am sorry for the deed I couldn't undo. Brother, forgive me please. Your friend forever, Lester Kearney." He rubs his thumb back and forth on the name, then kneels down, stooped and sobbing.

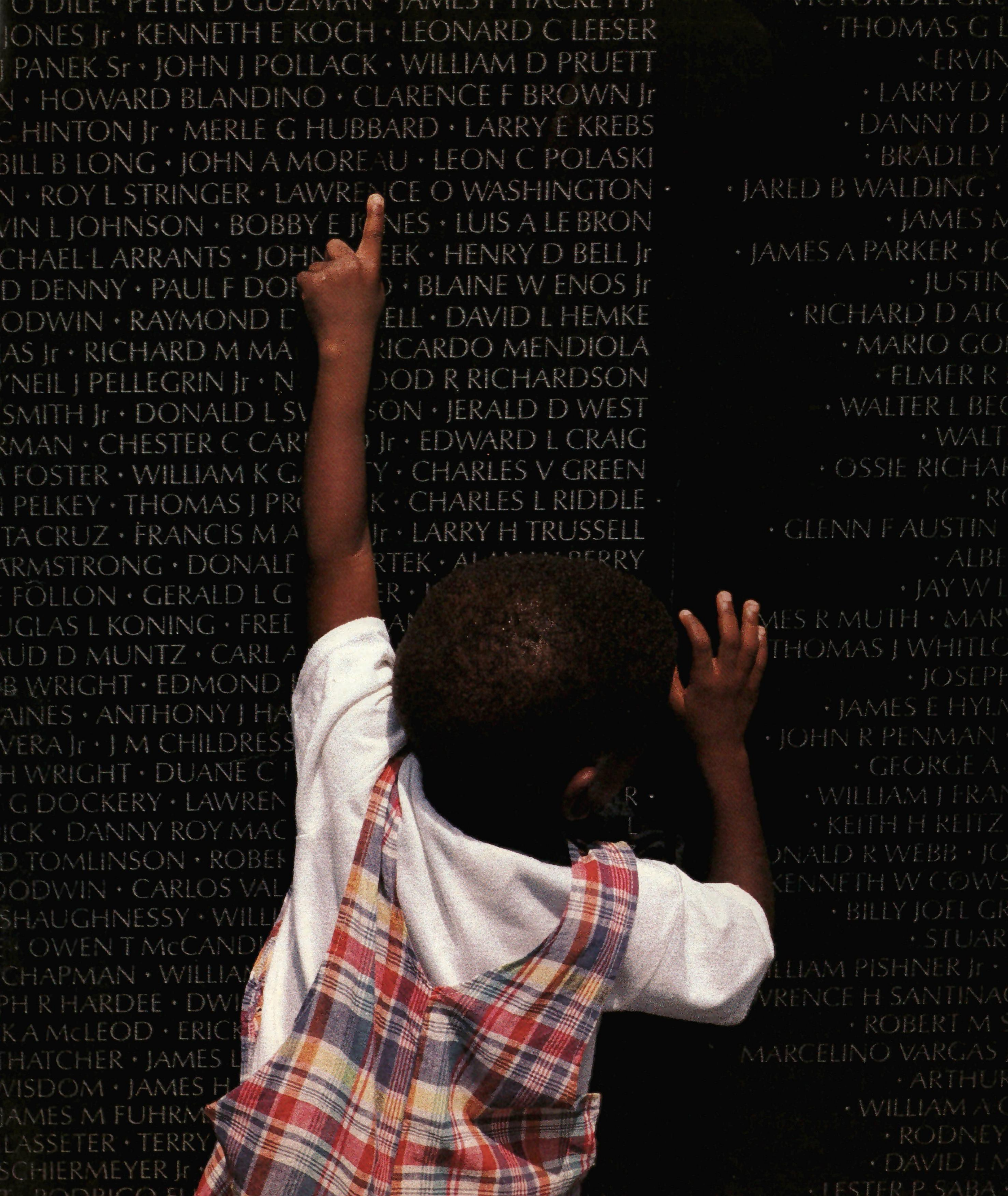
Nine of the veterans still stand at the start of the pathway that leads down to the wall. They are trying to summon the courage to begin their assault on it. Rick Cullinan puts his fatigue coat on. Despite the heat, he wants to be properly dressed. Every man holds an American flag. Slowly and together, they begin to walk. After only 10 yards, Frank Ham starts to cry. His tears come softly at first, then turn into sobs. He tops six feet but looks fragile. Twenty-five years ago, he was a machine gunner. Now he puts his large arms around a thin tree. "Please forgive me. Please forgive me," he sobs again and again. The others begin to cry as well. They embrace and sob and shake their heads. Then some tourists approach, and the men are forced to retreat into themselves. "We're going," one veteran says to his comrades. They walk the rest of the path down to the wall. Frank Ham gets past 29,000 names before he has to turn back.

Four other veterans have taken the wreath from the belly of the bus. Shuffling, looking downcast or vacant, they move to

**WHILE IT IS UNDENIABLE THAT THE WALL IS LESS A MONUMENT TO WAR'S GLORY THAN TO ITS PAIN, THE FACT IS THAT IT DOES BRING HONOR, IF HONOR CAN BE UNDERSTOOD AS AWARENESS MIXED WITH AWE**

Almost everyone who passes the wall touches it. Any of the 58,183 names etched in the granite becomes a braillelike link to one who is missing or dead. Jan Scruggs, the veteran who began the movement to build the monument, and Maya Ying Lin, its young designer, chose reflective stone for the wall because they wanted each visitor to see the past and the present simultaneously.

JOE MCNALLY/SYGMA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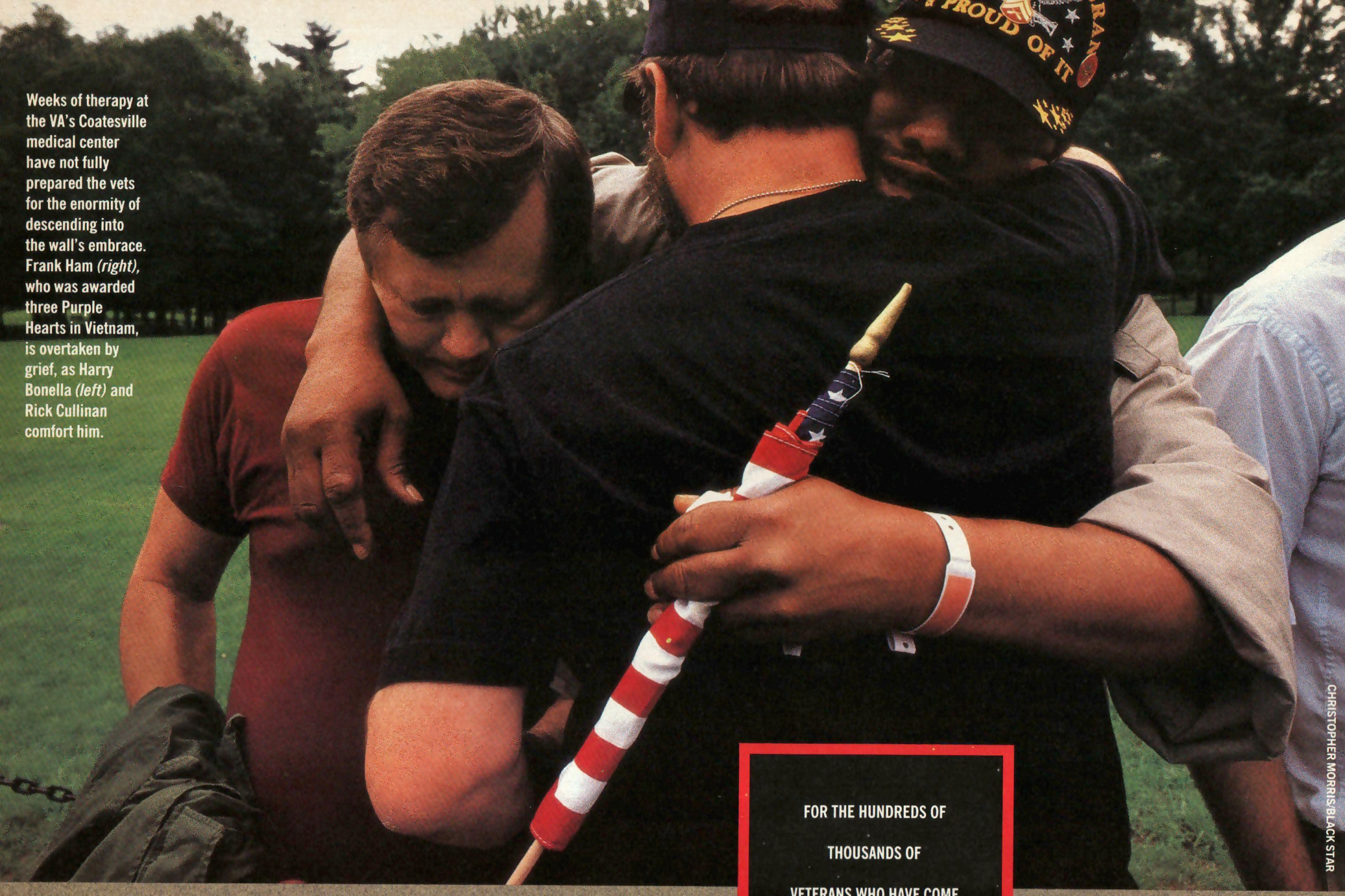


Weeks of therapy at the VA's Coatesville medical center have not fully prepared the vets for the enormity of descending into the wall's embrace. Frank Ham *(right)*, who was awarded three Purple Hearts in Vietnam, is overtaken by grief, as Harry Bonella *(left)* and Rick Cullinan comfort him.

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/BLACK STAR

**FOR THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF VETERANS WHO HAVE COME TO THE WALL, SEEING THE MONUMENT IS AN ATTEMPT TO CONFRONT—AND RELEASE—A PAST THAT IS TOO PRESENT**

the point in the wall where the names of the first to die begin. They place the wreath at the base of the wall, then walk away. The flags at the wreath's center—American and POW/MIA—will be picked up and catalogued and, ultimately, stored by the National Park Service. In that growing collection are thousands of medals, including a Congressional Medal of Honor, combat boots, lipstick kisses on paper, women's underwear, kids' drawings, model cars, boats and houses—the dreams, in miniature, of the dead. And then there are the letters left at the wall:

*Remember the bridge where we carved our initials? They tore it down. How could they, I thought.*

*Joey: You went and did it. You joined the Marines when I told you not to. But you said that's what you wanted. The day you left, it was raining. You said a little rain won't hurt anybody. Remember when I came home I was a stone. You asked what was wrong and I couldn't tell you. You would find out for yourself, and you did.*

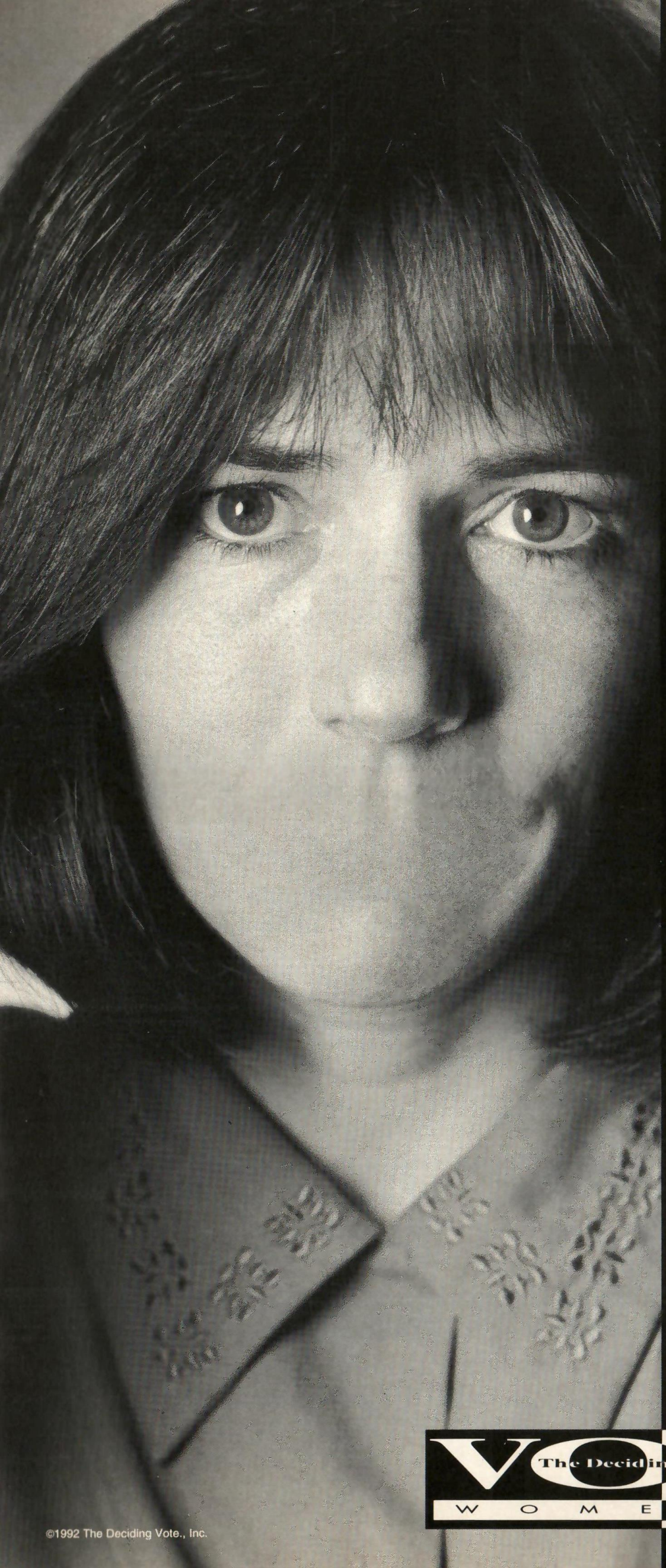
By the end of the day National Park Ranger Mike Lucas will have found, in addition to the veterans' wreath, a Purple Heart, a beret, a bush hat, a prayer card, POW/MIA bracelets, and dog tags wrapped in the silencing sheath that kept them from jiggling in the jungle.

Later, back at the hospital, after a group therapy session, after smokes outside, then dinner, then smokes, LaRue Smith will pull out his journal again and write: "The wall lets me know that what I seek is peace from violent thoughts in my mind and peace from the nightmare of war."

On the journal's cover, Smith has written:

*Things I'd Rather Not Remember: Killing two children in a ditch with a white phosphorous grenade after receiving sniper fire . . . Wounded 26th or 28th of July 1968 by incoming 82mm mortar round shrapnel at Duc Hoa . . . Three times nearly over-run at Bóa Trí near the Cambodian border, can remember just shooting and shooting and in each case after dawn all the bodies, the blood, the Vietnamese ARVN soldiers, and U.S. soldiers cutting off ears collecting souvenirs. It was Enough! Enough! ENOUGH!*

Back in Washington, by one a.m. the dim lights at the wall's base resemble votive candles. Ed Hultberg, a veteran who has come many times before, waits for the other veterans who prefer the privacy of night. "This is a place of healing," he says. Crickets chirp; fireflies dot the lawn; a siren sounds in the distance. And, because of the darkness, the face of the present is no longer visible in the names of the past. ▭



# MOST POLITICIANS STILL THINK WOMEN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

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# The Michael Jordan Nobody Knows

I went to my room and I closed the door and I cried," Michael Jordan said. "For a while I couldn't stop. Even though there was no one else home at the time, I kept the door shut. It was important to me that no one hear me or see me.

"For about two weeks, every boy who had tried out for the basketball team knew what day the cut list was going to go up. We knew that it was going to be posted in the gym. In the morning.

**HE'S A WORLD-FAMOUS ATHLETE,**

"So that morning we all went in there, and the list was up. I had a friend—his name was Leroy Smith—and we went in to look at the list together. We stood there and looked for our names.

**A SUPERSTAR AND, BOB GREENE**

"Leroy's name was on the list. He made it. Mine wasn't on the list."

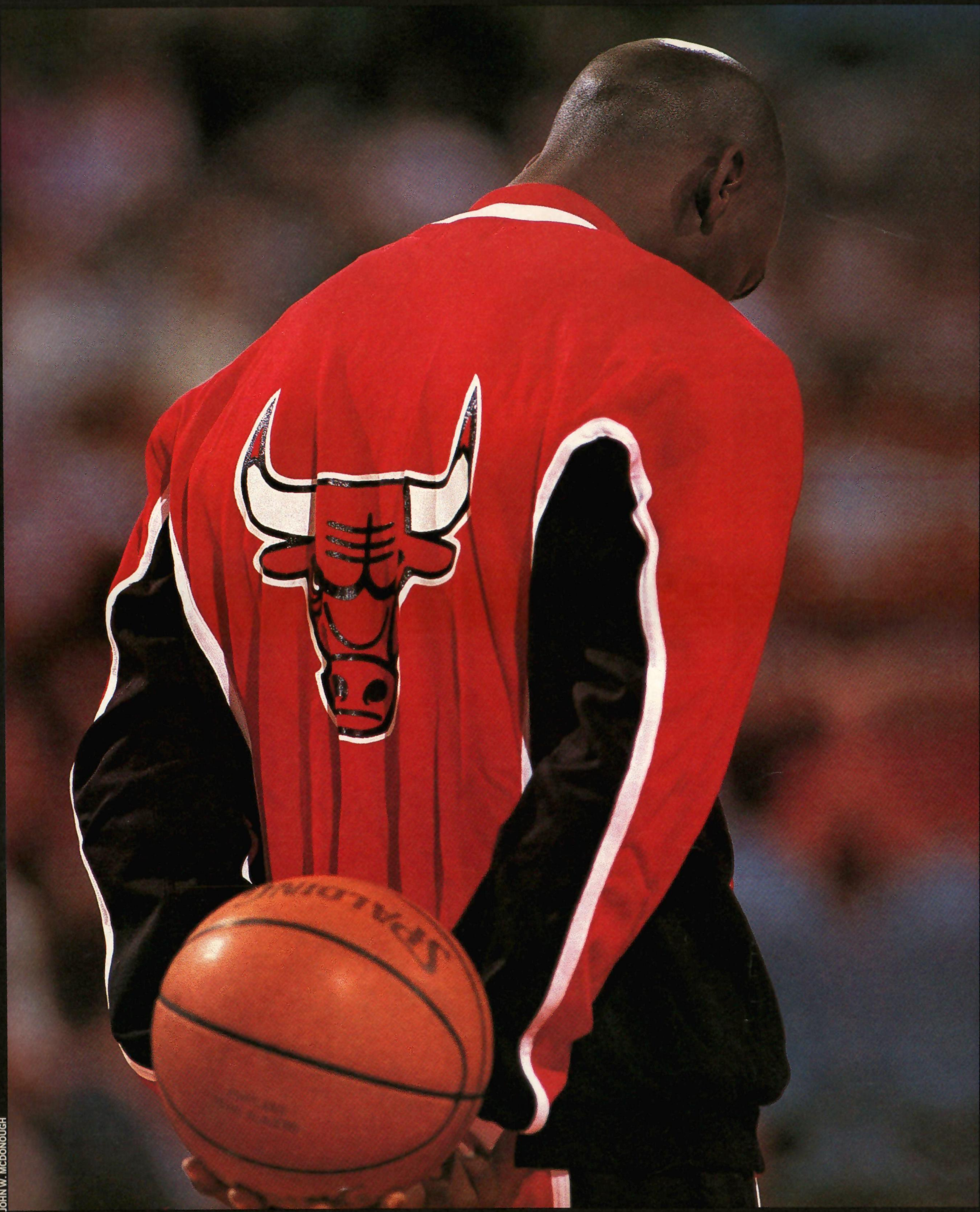
As Jordan talked, other members of the Bulls walked past, arriving at the Chicago Stadium. The juxtaposition of his words about being cut from the team his sophomore year in high school and this setting—an NBA arena on game night—was something you could never invent.

**REPORTS, A COMPLEX MAN HIDDEN**

**BEHIND THE MASK OF CELEBRITY**

"I looked and looked for my name," he said. "It was almost as if I thought that if I didn't stop looking, it would be there. I went through the day numb. After school I hurried to my house and I closed the door of my room and I cried so hard.

FROM *HANG TIME: DAYS AND DREAMS WITH MICHAEL JORDAN* BY BOB GREENE, TO BE PUBLISHED BY DOUBLEDAY IN NOVEMBER



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH

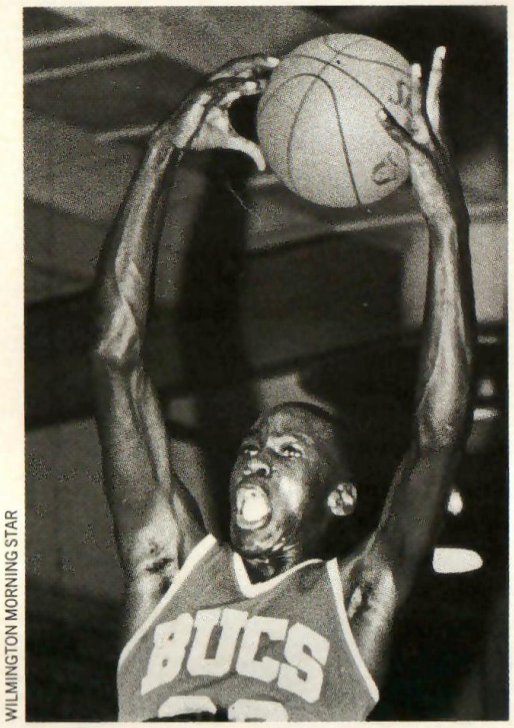
"It was all I wanted—to play on that team.

"My mother was at work, so I waited until she got home, and then I told her. When you tell your mom something like that the tears start again, and the two of you have an after-cry together.

"At the end of the season, I worked up the nerve to ask the coach if I could ride along on the bus to the district tournament. I just wanted to watch the others.

"The coach told me no. But I asked again, and he said I could come. But when we got to the tournament gym, he told me that the only way I could go in was to carry the players' uniforms.

"So that's what I did. I walked into the building carrying the uniforms for the players who had made the team. What made me feel the worst about that was that my parents had come to watch the tournament, and when they saw me walking in, they thought I was being given a chance to play. That's what hurt me. They thought I was being given a chance. But I was just carrying the clothes for the others."



WILMINGTON MORNING STAR

AN EARLY JORDAN REBOUND

Soon it would be game time in the Stadium, and that sound track of shattering, overwhelming, adoring noise that follows Jordan everywhere would start anew. "It's probably good that it happened," he said.

"Good?" I said.

"It was good because it made me know what disappointment felt like," he said. "And I knew that I didn't want to have that feeling ever again."

I am not a sportswriter. I met Michael Jordan for the first time in the spring of 1990, when he went out of his way to do something for a terribly abused nine-year-old boy I had written about. Over the course of the next two years, Jordan and I got to know each other and began spending increasing amounts of time together, talking about life both inside and outside of basketball.

In my time as a reporter, I have witnessed some important, moving and emotional things. I have watched the country responding to politicians, to personalities, to events. I had never seen anything like what I was about to see with Jordan. There were times when I thought about what it must have been like to spend 1927 with Babe Ruth, watching him perform every day, talking with him about it before and after the performances, both of you filled with wonder at the scope of what was transpiring. I thought about what it must have been like to spend 1956 with Elvis Presley, both he and you beginning to sense that decades later, people would look back and say: This was it. This was the seminal time.

**'I WAS THE GUY GIRLS WANTED AS THEIR FRIEND, NOT THEIR BOYFRIEND. WHY DO YOU THINK I STARTED TO PLAY SPORTS?'**

In the two years I spent with Jordan, he and his teammates on the Chicago Bulls won the National Basketball Association championship for the first time, and then repeated that accomplishment; he was twice named Most Valuable Player in the NBA; he won his second Olympic gold medal. He also went through a series of public and private crises that made headlines around the world and that affected him to his core. Although it is often said that Jordan is very likely the best basketball player who ever lived, I came to understand that the NBA triumphs were, in the end, almost incidental. Inside the icon there lived a person.

Jordan's father was in the crowd a lot of nights. Although James Jordan lives in North Carolina, he frequently flies to Chicago to watch his son play. He looks like Michael probably is going to look by the time Michael reaches his fifties; he is shorter than his son, but the resemblance in every other way is just about complete.

I asked Jordan if he felt different on nights when his father was present.

"I've always had a thing if my dad or mom are coming to a game," he said. "I want to know where they're going to be sitting."

"So you can be aware of them looking at you play?" I asked.

"No, that's not it," he said. "It's just that if I know they're coming to a game, I feel I have to make sure they're there safely."

"You go up there and look?" I said.

"I can't go up there myself to look," he said. "But when I'm dressing in the locker room before the game, I ask someone to go out and check to see that my parents are in their seats, and then come back and tell me. I've been doing that ever since high school. I can't play the game unless I know that they're in their seats and they got there safely. Can you imagine playing if you had to keep wondering where your parents were?"

"Sometimes I think we never stop being who we were when we were eight years old," I said.

"That's fine with me," he said.

At the Stadium each night, Carmen Villafane was easy to walk right past. Her disabilities were severe, her physical limitations pronounced. When people stopped to glance at her, they were probably wondering how she managed to get such a marvelous seat each night—her wheelchair was directly behind and to the left of the Bulls' bench at every game.

Carmen couldn't speak easily, but she would gesture a greeting with her head, and I began stopping to talk. She was 19. Born with cerebral palsy, she had been a quadriplegic since she was a baby. Because she had so little control of her limbs, she directed her motor-driven wheelchair by pressing a special device with her chin. She told me that her father drove her to the games each evening. Carmen spoke in uneven gasps; sometimes the words would not come out at all, and sometimes they came in a rush, all jumbled together.

"Is your dad a member of the Bulls' staff or something?" I said.

"No," she said, her face suddenly shaking as she struggled to converse.

"Well, you sure have great seats," I said.

She broke into a big grin. "I know," she said. And then she told me the story.

The year before, her parents had somehow managed to get tickets to bring her to a game, she said. Her wheelchair had been placed on the main floor. When the teams came out before the introductions, she had tried to steer herself close to the Bulls' bench. "I wanted to give a Valentine's card to Michael Jordan," she said.

She had gotten near the bench, and the security guards had stood in front of her, but then they had realized what she was doing. So they had allowed her to move her wheelchair up to the bench.

"I gave the card to Michael," she said, her eyes tearing up even now as she recalled the moment. "He said, 'Is this card for me?' I was too excited to say anything. I nodded my head. He opened it and read it in front of me, right there, and he thanked me." ➳

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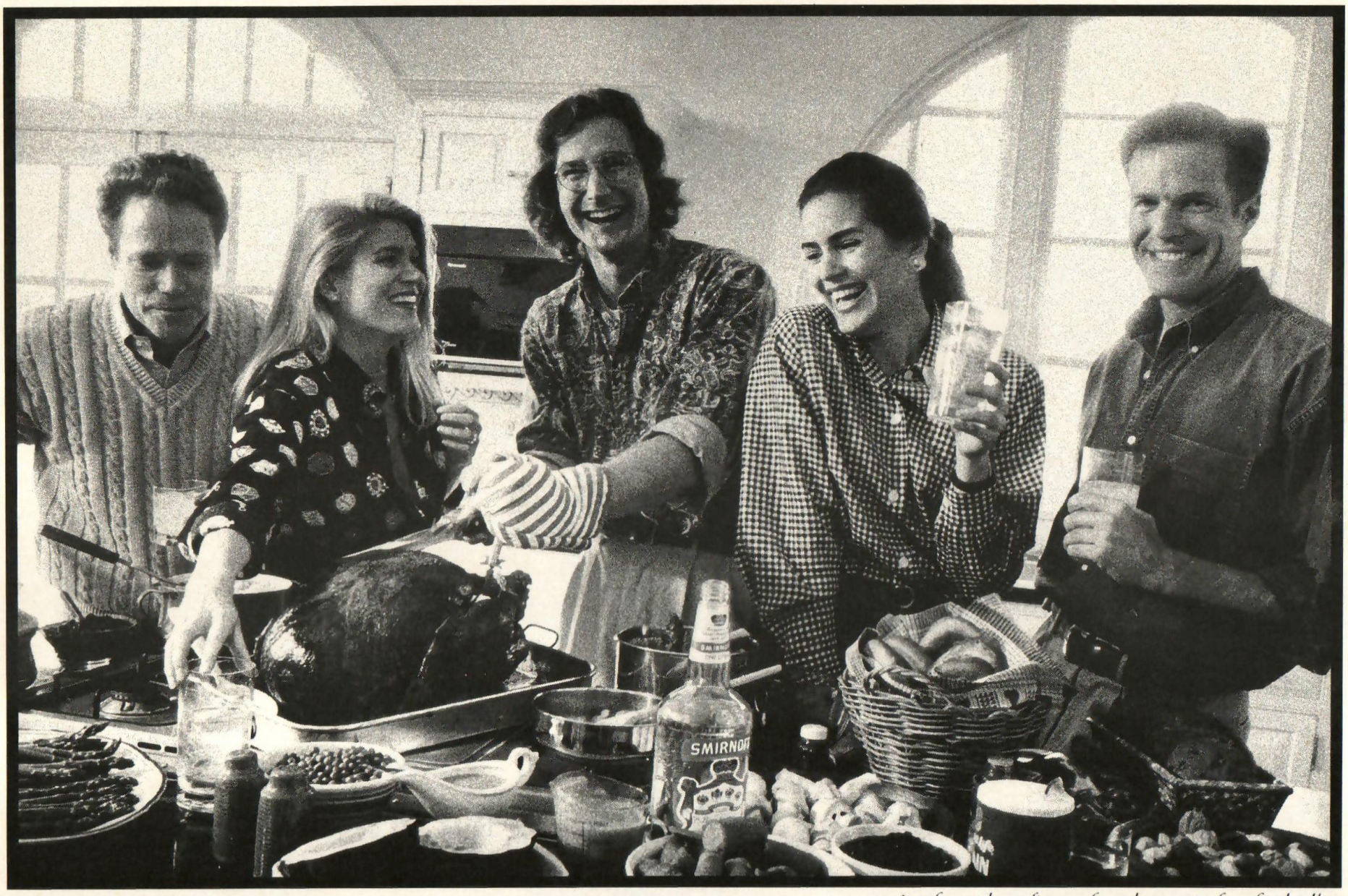
# HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.




*It takes at least five cooks to burn a turkey this badly.*

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And isn't it funny how so many of the places you find Smirnoff, feel like home

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This was a young woman whose own mailbox had not necessarily overflowed with cards each Valentine's Day of her life. But she had wanted to give the card to Jordan, and she had managed to do it, and she had actually seen him read it. She just about floated through that night at the game, she said.

Not long afterward her father had taken her to a big Chicago-area auto show at which Jordan was appearing. "I said to him, 'Do you remember me?' " she recalled. "And he said, 'Aren't you the girl who gave me the Valentine card?'

"He told me he'd been looking for me at the Stadium after that night, but that he hadn't seen me. He said, 'Where have you been?' I thought to myself, 'Oh, my God, he actually remembers who I am.' I told him that we were only able to get tickets that one time. And he said, 'I'll tell you what. I'm going to give you my office phone number. Whenever you want tickets, call this number.' "

So, Carmen said, she had gone to several more games that year. It had been like a miracle for her, and when the season concluded and the summer began she was a little sad. She had somehow been allowed inside Jordan's world for a couple of days, and she felt the way a person always feels when something wonderful and unexpected comes and then ends. She was grateful and happy that it had happened, but she was feeling kind of empty that now it was gone.

And then one afternoon, as summer was turning into fall, her mother told her that a letter had come in the mail for her. They opened it together. Inside the envelope was a thick set of cardboard tickets. There was a letter too.

The letter said, "I hope you enjoy the season ahead." It said, "I'm looking forward to seeing you at every game."

And it was signed: "Michael."

I stood behind the Bulls' bench listening to her tell me about all this. As the team came onto the floor from the locker room and the P.A. system blasted loud, big-beat music, I looked over at Jordan in his white warm-up suit. For all the times we'd talked, he had never mentioned this to me. He'd never said a word. I looked at him out on the court, and then I looked down at Carmen, and she was looking at him too.

There was something that regularly happened as the clock was running down at the end of a quarter, when the Bulls would know that they had time to run one play. The four other Bulls would spread themselves around the court, while Jordan, all alone, would stand midway between the back of the free throw circle and center court and, almost tauntingly, cradle the ball to his chest. The noise level would rise with each tick of the clock, and there he would stand, in no hurry at all, not moving, not even dribbling. He was like a commuter patiently waiting for his bus to come, but he was Michael Jordan, and every eye was on him.

This was the kind of basketball moment I loved hearing him talk about. He would explain the basketball strategy, and he would sound like a young kid in the throes of his first romance.

"See, what I'm doing when I'm standing there is looking at the defense," he said. "I'm watching for them to send two men at me, and at the same time I'm looking up at the clock. I know I have until the clock runs down to ten seconds before I have to do anything.

"I'm not nervous at all in that situation. Because I feel like I'm in total control. Whatever's going to happen out there, it's not going to happen until I start it. Moments like that make me happy. When you're standing out there in control like that, everyone knows that you've got to do something. But no one but you knows what the something is going to be.

"And I can see the other team looking at me, and they know what I'm going to have to do, and their job is to stop me, and my job is to make sure they don't stop me."

"And that never makes you tense at all," I said.

"No," he said.

"All that noise, and all those eyes focused on you."

"No," he said. "It's fun. Doesn't that sound like fun to you?"

"It sounds like just about the most fun in the world," I said.

"It is," he said. "Believe me on that."

"The basketball court for me, during a game, is the most peaceful place I can imagine," he said as we talked one night. "I truly feel less pressure there than any place I go. On the basketball court, I worry about nothing. When I'm out there, no one can bother me. Being out there is one of the most private parts of my life."

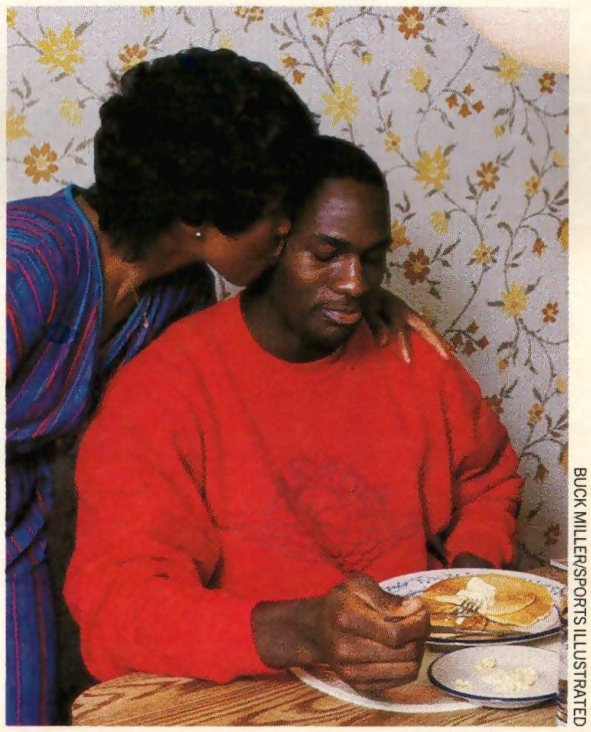
**'I CAN'T PLAY UNLESS MY PARENTS ARE IN THEIR SEATS. CAN YOU IMAGINE PLAYING IF YOU HAD TO WONDER WHERE YOUR PARENTS WERE?'**

His choice of that word—"private"—was a telling one. On the surface, there is nothing at all private about doing something while thousands of eyes and a battery of television cameras are trained on you. "I'm really by myself out there," he said.

"No one bothers me at all, even the other players on the court, except when I get fouled. Being on the court is very much like meditation for me. If something is on my mind, I can think about it on the court. If my wife and I have had a disagreement at home, I know that if we have a game that night, I'll be out there on the court by myself for a few hours, and by the time I get home again at the end of the evening, all of that will have passed. There may be 18,000 people in the stands, but the painted lines surrounding the court keep them away."

"Do the games go by in a blur?" I said.

"Not really," he said. "As loud as it is, it's almost a quiet time for me. I know that basketball games can be very exciting, but for me the game is one of the calmest parts of my life. No one can come onto the court. No one can cross those lines."



BUCK MILLER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

WITH HIS MOTHER, DELORIS, IN 1986

"Hey, Doc," Jordan called out.

Daniel Spikes, newly arrived at the Stadium for the evening, sitting now in his own motorized wheelchair next to Carmen Villafane in hers, turned his head.

"You on time, Doc?" Jordan said, pointing up in the direction of a clock high on the Stadium wall. This was still well before the doors would open to the general public.

"I'm on time," the young man said.

"You are?" Jordan said. "I don't know."

"We had some traffic in front of us," the young man said.

"I give that excuse, I get fined," Jordan said.

"Well, I'm here," the young man said.

Daniel Spikes—"Doc," incongruously—was about Carmen's age and was beset by a sorrowful combination of grievous medical

*(continued on page 46)*

Advertisement

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Fifteenth in a Series

# SUPPORTS LIFE ON EARTH

## LAR GIBBON

Copy by Barbara Sleeper; Photo by Art Wolfe

These hooting, high-swinging apes live in the tropical rain forests of Thailand, the Malay Peninsula and northern Sumatra. Sustained on a diet of fruit, leaves and an occasional insect, gibbons are agile, tree-dwelling primates that move with acrobatic ease through the forest canopy. Known for their loud territorial duets, gibbons live in monogamous family groups of adult male, female and young. Nine different species are recognized, including the lar or white-handed gibbon.

The smallest of apes, the slender gibbons weigh about 10 pounds. Their long hands and arms and flexible joints enable them to dangle effortlessly from branches as they feed or rocket hand-over-hand through the trees. More efficient at upright walking than the great apes, the graceful gibbons lift their long, spindly arms high in the air for balance while two-stepping across branches or the ground.

**Widespread habitat loss due to cultivation and commercial logging has endangered all the gibbons.**

Gibbons are active from dawn to late afternoon, with adult males singing long solos just before sunrise. Females sing a duet with their mates, finishing with an ear-piercing "great call" from the top of a tall tree, to advertise both their presence on a territory and their paired status. Lar females weigh the same as males and have the same fur color; only their calls are different.

Widespread habitat loss due to cultivation and commercial logging has endangered all the gibbons. Such deforestation means that fewer breeding territories are available, and those that remain are already taken. Dispersing juveniles are left with no place to go, resulting in high mortality rates.

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Donovan Braud volunteers his time to fight urban runoff polluting lakes and streams. Linda Hardy works through state legislation to promote recycling education and programs. Dan Robbins heads an effort to make the outdoors accessible for everyone, regardless of physical limitations. Barbara Dowe started an innovative dockside recycling center. And, Marjorie Lewis participates on a national environmental support and exchange group.

We applaud these Amway distributors for their involvement. (Clockwise from left.) Donovan Braud, Chalmette, LA; Linda Hardy, Parlin, NJ; Dan Robbins, Jackson, MI; Barbara Dowe, Elfin Cove, AK; and Marjorie Lewis, Washington DC.

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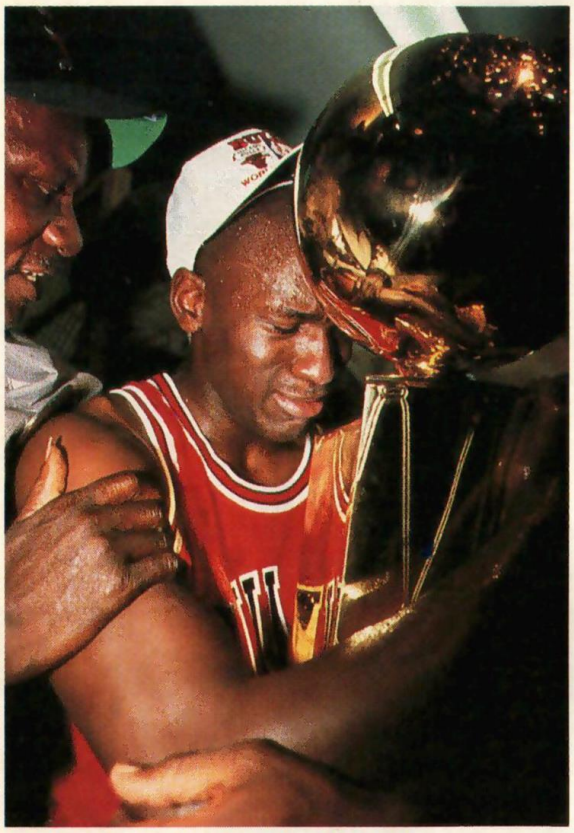
disorders. He was usually severely bloated from his medication; he wore a baseball cap in an effort to appear somehow jaunty. I had asked around and had found out that his nightly place of honor next to Carmen had come to him the same way Carmen's had come to her: Jordan had met him by chance and had taken it upon himself to make sure Doc became a sustaining member of the Stadium family.

If either Carmen or Doc was late arriving at the Stadium, Jordan would check it out. He didn't make his concern obvious, but he would seem preoccupied, interrupting conversations with his teammates, interrupting warm-up exercises, to look for them every few minutes until Carmen or Doc finally did show up.



ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

JORDAN SR. AND JR. AFTER THE FIRST TITLE

Even the people who, later on, were Jordan's harshest censurers, the people who considered him an arrogant showboat who gambled unseemly amounts of money playing golf, gave him one thing: Yeah, he was nice to kids with disabilities. As if that was just some inconsequential afterthought, old news, almost boring, an aspect of him that really didn't speak to who he was, a trivial point to be granted en route to more vital stuff. But every time I'd hear that, I would wonder whether the people who were saying it had ever noticed his eyes on the nights when Carmen and Doc were late. If they'd ever noticed the most famous athlete in the world, unable to concentrate on what he was doing as he peered toward the tunnel leading into the arena to see who would be coming in next. Saying nothing, looking every few seconds. Then hiding it all with a joke. Hey, Doc, you on time?

Before the game on the night the Bulls became the basketball champions of the world for the first time, their locker room felt like the last day of school. The curious thing was, there was still a game to be won. You would think the team would have been doing everything possible to avoid tempting fate. It was hardly possible, though: NBC technicians were preparing to hang lights in the room so the postgame celebration could be telecast in the event of a Bulls victory. The place should have been full of tension. Instead it felt like pure anticipation.

**'IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE JUST GONE OUT THE DOOR FOR A WALK BY MYSELF. IT SOUNDS LIKE IT WOULD BE VERY NICE'**

At one end of the room, Scott Williams was watching a television set. On the screen, University of North Carolina coach Dean Smith was being interviewed about his former players who were in the finals.

Jordan was all the way on the other side of the locker room, sitting in front of his cubicle, listening to music through his stereo earphones. He glanced in the direction of the TV set, took the headset off and called to Williams: "Hey, Scott, is that Coach Smith?"

"Yeah," Williams called back.

"Who's he talking about?" Jordan called.

"You," Williams said.

"Yeah, right," Jordan said. "Who's he really talking about?"

"He's talking about you!" Williams said.

"No lie?" Jordan said, and he didn't seem to be kidding. "What did he say about me?"

"When I was young I was playful with girls," Jordan said. "I was never very successful romantically. I was like the guy who carried their books home for them. I was always the guy they wanted to be their friend, not their boyfriend. They always wanted the athletes. Why do you think I started to play sports?

"There was this one girl, Angela West, and she was a year older than me, and ever since the fifth or sixth grade I wanted her to like me. And I would get on the school bus every morning, and I would save her a seat next to me. She would get on the bus. And she would share a seat with her friends, even if it meant that three or four of them had to push together in one seat.

"I was disappointed, but I knew exactly what the reason was. The reason was that she wanted to go out with the athletes. I never did go out with her. I just knew that the Angela Wests of the world weren't interested in you if you weren't an athlete. It didn't matter what else you were."

Jordan was married and a father now; any insecurities he'd ever had about women must have seemed like something that had happened centuries ago. "The letters I get," he said, "the fantasies women write me about . . ."

He shook his head, smiling a little but not showing any particular mirth.

"Some send me these pictures of themselves," he said. "It's like a three-sixty for me. The way I was when I was a kid, and now . . . I never would have believed it.

"But part of me is still on that school bus. Part of me is still saving a seat for a girl who would rather sit scrunched up with three other girls than sit next to me."

Several hundred fans, young and old, had congregated outside the Bulls' locker room in the Louisiana Superdome, and they displayed no intention of leaving until Jordan came out. The police were in a circle around him, with additional security men in front and behind. So Jordan, the men in uniform on all sides, walked briskly the length of the court on which he had just played. The people who had waited for him to get dressed jogged alongside the moving cocoon, calling his name.

His attire was the customary suit and tie; over the top of his head once again were the earphones that may or may not have been playing music. Just before he got to the bus, his path took him close to two very little children, really tiny, probably no more than four years old. The boys were dressed in scruffy, raggedy clothes, and no adult appeared to be supervising them; it was puzzling that they would be here so late. They said nothing until Jordan was within a few feet of them, and then it was as if they had planned the moment and rehearsed their lines.

"I want to be like Mike," one of the boys called, with no smile on his face and a desperate tenor to his voice. "I want to be like you, Mike," the other boy called, frantic.

Over the summer, Jordan had dropped his endorsement contract with Coca-Cola so that he could sign a Gatorade deal. The Coke commercials, with Jordan floating past the moon, had been replaced by a new Gatorade campaign featuring a bright, ➳

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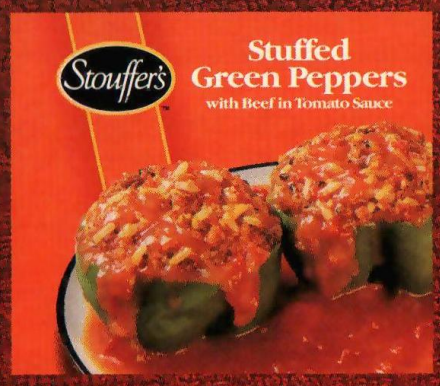


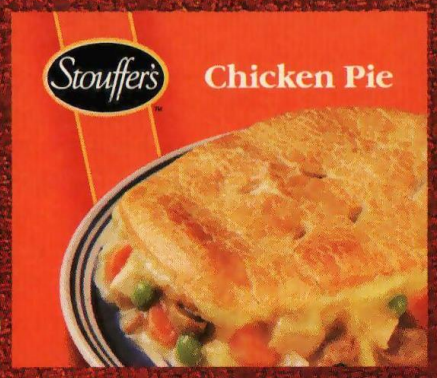


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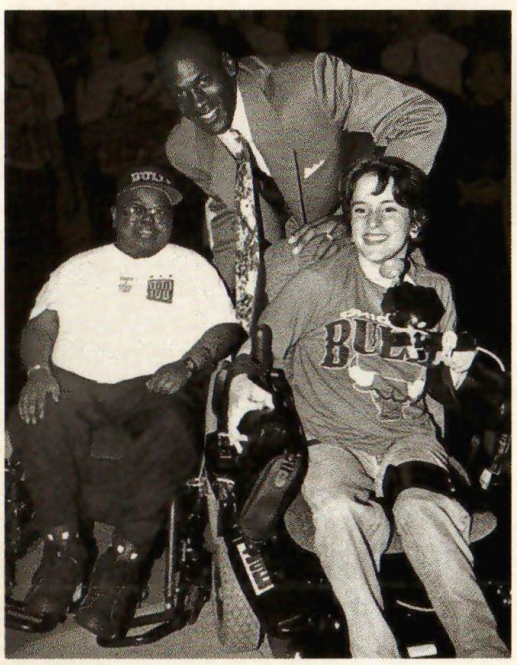
bouncy jingle with the tag line, "I want to be like Mike." The commercial had been on the air for only a few weeks, but it had reached these little boys in Louisiana.

The police hurried Jordan forward. "I want to be like you, Mike," one of the boys called again, almost crying. "I want to be like Mike," his companion shouted in the smallest of voices, over and over and over, not taking a breath. It was as if the boys believed that, were they to catch sight of Jordan and recite the magic words, something good might happen to them. But the boys were pushed aside by the rest of the crowd as the police phalanx moved onward.

"Be like Mike," the boys called to him. "Be like Mike." It was a plea; there was no joy in it, no gladness. It sounded like heartbreak: "Be like Mike."

## 'DOC GOT UP AND TOOK TWO STEPS TOWARD ME. IT WAS JUST TWO STEPS, AND IT WAS THE BRAVEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN'

The police escort delivered Jordan to the bus. I saw him just before he got on. For one of the first times since I had known him, I could see in his face and in his eyes something that looked very much like confusion.



COURTESY OF CARMEN VILLAFANE

**DOC AND CARMEN WITH THEIR FRIEND**

"Afraid of it? Why would I be afraid of it? Being an old man is actually something I look forward to," Jordan said.

"When I imagine it, I see myself playing around with my grandchildren all the time, being this old guy who's a lot of fun, and who the kids love to be around. I see myself telling a lot of fables and tales and lies. A lot of exaggeration that the grandkids let me get away with.

"I think it sounds fun. I get a hint of it now, when I sit around with older men from my family and from my wife's side of the family. We'll be sitting around, and I'll notice that I'm the only one at the table who doesn't have glasses on. I think to myself what it would be like to be them instead of me. It doesn't sound too bad at all."

"The thing about older people in our society is that they get patronized so much," I said.

"You can be patronized, sure," he said, "but it can be in a good way—when the younger people in your family pay so much attention to you, it can make you feel important. When I ask the older men in my family questions about something they've lived through, I can tell that they love searching in their memories and giving detailed answers. It makes them know that the lives they've lived have some importance.

"The older men on my wife's side of the family, for example—they love explaining to me about the first Mayor Daley, and what Chicago was like before I knew anything about it. So when I'm an old man I can envision myself telling all the kids at the table about Chicago during the time the current Mayor Daley was mayor."

"But if being an old man is really like that," I said, "then I wonder why so many old men seem so bitter."

"You're only bitter if you reach the end of your life and you're filled with frustration because you feel you missed out on something," Jordan said. "I know I'm not going to be a bitter old man. I'll most likely end up eating dinner in my room," Jordan said from a hotel in Portland. I was at home; I had been surprised to get the Thanksgiving Day call from him.

We were on the phone for more than a hour. "Maybe your life wouldn't be so complicated if you had just decided to sell yourself as a bad guy," I said.

"I know," Jordan said, laughing only slightly.

"Your friend Charles Barkley seems to be doing all right," I said. "He acts like he doesn't care what people think about him, and yet he's one of the richest and the most famous people in your sport."

"That's the truth," Jordan said. "With Charles, whatever he says, people accept it for its shock value, and that's that. If I were to say the same things, people would be talking about it for weeks, all over the world. But that's O.K. The financial situation I'm in wouldn't be available to me if I presented myself as a bad person."

"Is it just a marketing decision?" I said.

"I like to be considered a good person," Jordan said. "And I hope that I am. But I also realize that from the marketability standpoint, it's a choice I made, and the rewards are great, and I live with that choice."

"Someone told me that if you go out to dinner, you won't even allow yourself to order a glass of wine with your meal," I said. "Because if you do, you know that the people at the next table will probably be going around the next day telling all their friends that they saw Michael Jordan drunk."

"I used to worry about that," he said. "But I'm deciding now that I have to live my life, and I can't let other people determine how I do it. If I'm out to dinner now, and I want to have a glass of champagne or a glass of wine with my meal, I'll allow myself to do it. I guess I've reached the point where everything is enough, and now maybe it's time to live my life and to enjoy the people in my life.

"I'm cutting back on my endorsements. I'm happy with what I have. I don't need to earn more. If there are players in the NBA who make more money than I do, that's O.K., they can have it."

"Does having enough apply to games too?" I said.

"No," he said. "Every time I step onto the court, if you're against me, you're trying to take something from me. I don't want the other team to win. I just do not want them to win."

"You've won a world championship," I said. "Why would an individual game in an 82-game season mean as much to you now?"

"That's why," he said. "The question is the answer. Because I want to win. I want to be the one who wins."

I asked him about being away from home so much.

"On the road, after a game, I know there's just another game ahead," he said. "There's very seldom a peaceful feeling after a game. In Chicago, the drive home after the game is peaceful for me in a way that getting on an airplane after a road game isn't. I like to drive myself. If a car pulls up next to mine and the people in the car see who I am, then I find myself looking behind me the rest of the ride, to make sure they're not following. But that doesn't really preoccupy me. I like that drive home. I listen to music, and it's a nice feeling."

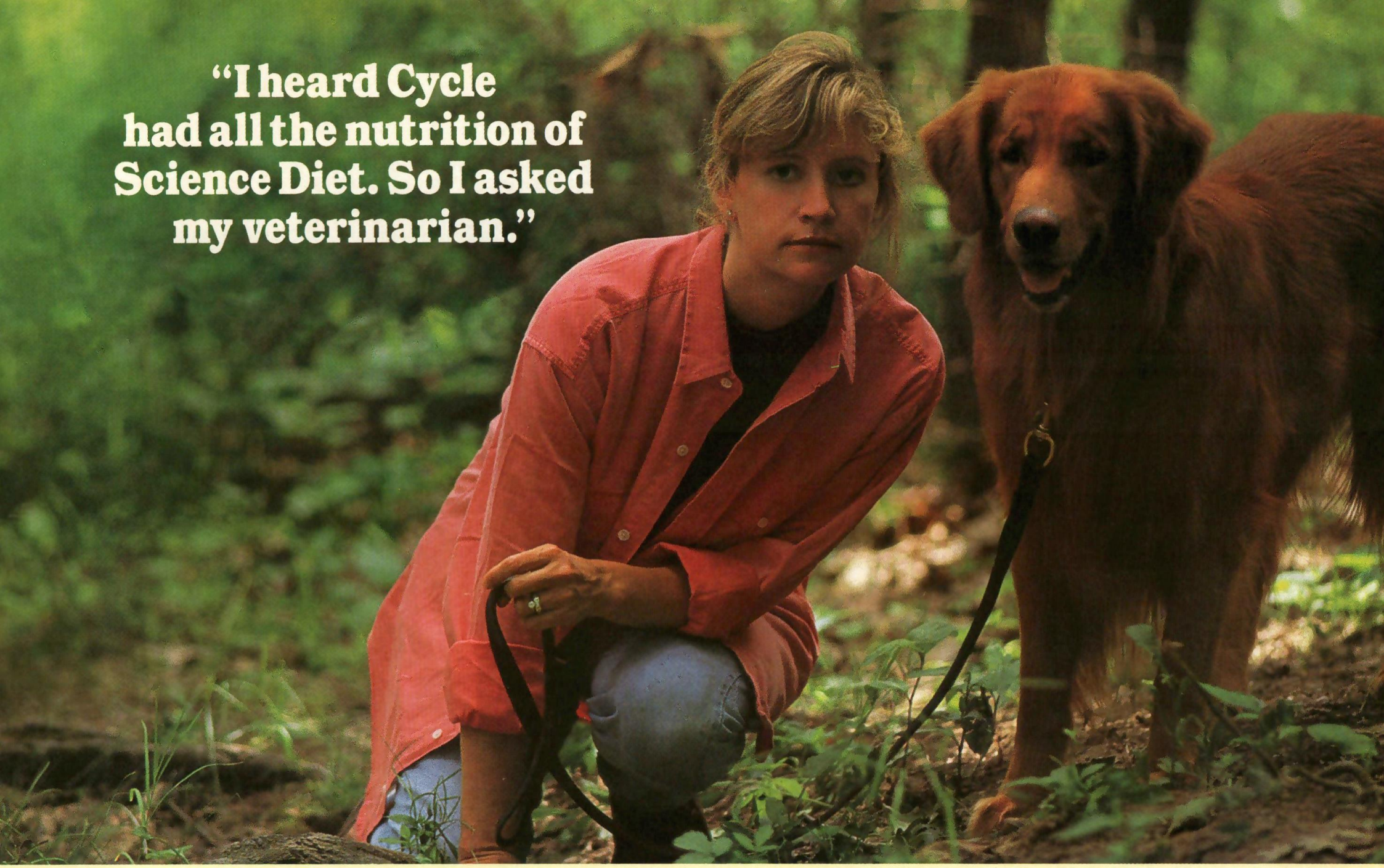
"Maybe on the road you could just go out and take a walk by yourself sometime and get the same feeling," I said.

"It's been a long time since I've done that," he said.

"How long?" I said.

"Since I've just gone out the door for a walk by myself?" he said. "Probably not since high school.

"In theory, it sounds like it would be very nice. Just go out and take a long walk with no one else around, and think my thoughts. But I couldn't do it on the road—if I decided to do it even this ➤➤

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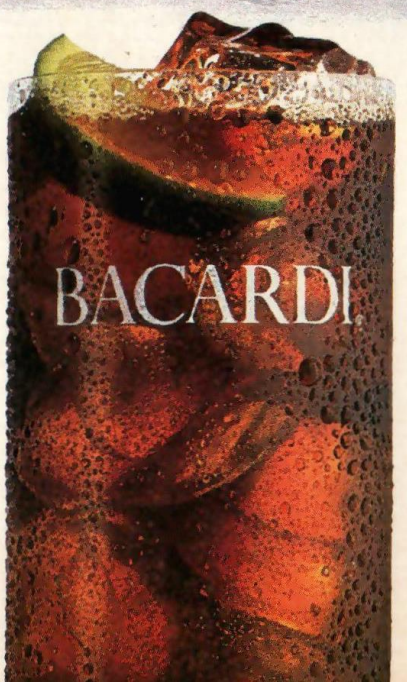


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afternoon, even on Thanksgiving, I'd be stopped by people."

I said that maybe someday, when he was no longer quite so famous, he could take his walk. Someday the simplicity would return.

"Oh, it will happen," he said. "When you're on the pedestal, you know that someone will replace you on it eventually. You don't know when it will happen. But you can be sure that it's going to happen, and that when you're off the pedestal there will be someone else to take your place."

Every night—all season long—when the scoreboard clock ticked down into the last minute of the game, the time began to be displayed in tenths of seconds. This always felt a little bittersweet to me. It didn't matter whether the game was a keenly significant play-off confrontation or a regular-season yawner against the Charlotte Hornets on a Tuesday night in February—the signal that the evening was ending made me want to watch more basketball. One night I asked Jordan whether he ever wanted to just stay on the court and play another quarter or two.

"When it's over, I'm ready for it to be over," he said. "There used to be times when I felt like playing more. Not now. Now, the game at the Stadium is only my first basketball game of the night."

"It is?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "My older son is three and a half now. He waits for me to get home from the games, because he has watched on television and wants to play against me. When I walk into the house, he's standing there with one of those miniature basketballs in his hand. First thing I see—Jeffrey standing there with the basketball. It's the best sight I've had all during the season.

"So he's waiting up for me, holding the basketball. He says, 'Where are you coming from, Daddy? Are you coming from work?' He calls what I do work. He says he's been waiting so I can watch him play basketball.

"I get down on my knees. He likes me to be on my knees so he can shoot over me and I can try to block his shot. Then after a while he'll play defense—I'll shoot when I'm still on my knees, and he'll try to block my shots.

"I'm tired on a lot of nights, so after a few minutes of this I may say, 'O.K., Jeffrey, let's go upstairs.' But he'll usually say, 'I'm not ready to go upstairs, Daddy.' I'll try to talk him into it: 'Daddy's tired because he had to work hard tonight.' But it doesn't work—he wants me to stay and watch him shoot.

"So I'll lie on the floor and watch him. We've got these little backboards all over the house. Sometimes I'm so tired that my eyes will close and I'll start to doze off. He'll cry then, because I'm not watching him. It's so important to him that I watch every shot he takes.

"A lot of times he says, 'Daddy, this is how you shoot a free throw.' He knows I'm the person he's seen playing basketball on TV, but I don't know how much it registers—whether in his mind there's a difference between me in the games on TV and me in the living room. He looks over to make sure I'm watching him, and then he teaches me how to shoot a free throw. It's obvious he's learned from watching me. He spins the ball, which is what I do. He takes a deep breath. He bounces it. He shoots it. Then he turns to me and says, 'See? That's how.' "

Just before getting on a plane one day to meet Jordan in Atlanta, I called my office to check for messages. I was told that Carmen Villafane had called, which struck me as highly unusual. I didn't know whether she was even able to dial a telephone by herself without great difficulty. From a pay phone near the door that led to the plane, I called her back, and she told me that Daniel Spikes was dead.

I knew Daniel had been sick; he had been coming to fewer and fewer games. I knew that Jordan had gone to the hospital to visit—and that he wasn't talking about it. But I had had no idea that Daniel was near death. The first thing I said to Jordan when I got to his hotel room in Atlanta was, "I just heard about Daniel Spikes. I'm very sorry."

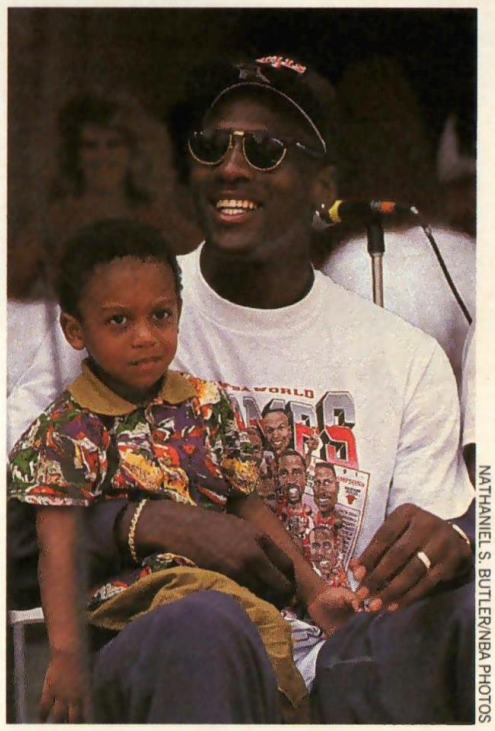
He turned to me, and on his face was that expression you see on so many children's faces—a wild contorting of the mouth and the eyes, the look a child has on his face just before he cries.

"I thought he was going to be all right," Jordan said. "He was O.K. when I saw him. He was talking to me. He had just watched our game on television. He said he couldn't wait to get back to the Stadium again."

Jordan banged his hand softly on the top of a table in the hotel room. "He was such a good kid," he said. "He tried so hard. When I left that night I had no idea it would be the last time I'd see him. I had no idea at all."

There was a newspaper in the room. Jordan picked it up. "They write about us every day," he said, his voice rushing now. "About what we do on the basketball court. We do nothing. We do nothing compared to someone like Doc. Do you know what he did last summer? I saw him, and he was in his wheelchair like always, and he had this look in his eyes. He didn't say anything, but he was looking at me like he wanted me to watch him.

"So I did. And he got up and he took two steps toward me. I never knew he could walk. I had never seen him do it. But he'd been practicing. It was just the two steps, and it was the bravest thing I've ever seen. I didn't cry. He didn't want me to cry. I smiled, and I told him how great it was. But I wanted to cry, because I have never seen anyone do anything so impressive.



NATHANIEL S. BUTLER/NBA PHOTOS

SON JEFFREY, NEARLY FOUR, WITH DAD

**'MY SON WAITS FOR ME TO COME HOME FROM THE GAMES. HE SAYS HE'S BEEN WAITING SO I CAN WATCH HIM PLAY BASKETBALL'**

"Sometimes when there were people around, Doc would ask me to buy him a car," Jordan said. "Some of the people who heard him thought that he was trying to take advantage of my money. Didn't they understand? He didn't think I was going to buy him a car! He was saying it so they could hear him and think that he could drive a car. He just wanted to be regular. Didn't they understand that? That's why he was asking for a car. So that people would hear him say it and would think that he was a person who could drive.

"I don't know what to do now. I always thought I was going to see him again. You think about your own problems, and then you're ashamed of yourself for even thinking about them."

Jordan's voice was straining, suddenly rising, quavering. "He went through his whole life, and he never had anything good happen to him," he said. "He just wanted to be a person who was regular. . . ." ➳

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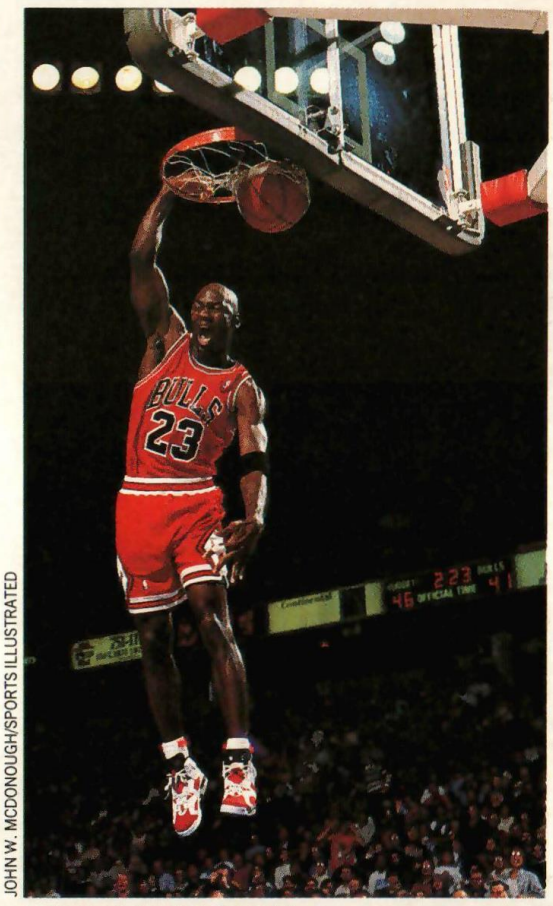
When I got back to Chicago, I called Daniel Spikes's father to offer my condolences. Robert Spikes was an inspector with the City of Chicago's Department of Water. I told him I had gotten to know Daniel at the games during the previous season, and I had heard the news, and I wanted him to know how bad I felt about it.



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

A HIGH-PERCENTAGE SHOT

"He was a very brave young man," Mr. Spikes said. "We loved him very much."

I said that Daniel must have felt blessed to have friends who cared for him.

"He had wonderful friends, a lot of them," Mr. Spikes said.

"Did he have a best friend?" I said.

I could hear something catch in Mr. Spikes's throat.

"My son's best friend was Michael Jordan," he said.

I said I knew that Jordan had visited Daniel when he was in the hospital. "It must have been a very good night for Daniel," I said.

"It was one of many good nights," Mr. Spikes said. "Did Michael mention to you about the other visits?"

"No, sir," I said. "He didn't."

"During the last three months of my son's life, Michael came to see him in the hospital five or six times," Mr. Spikes said. "We never had to ask him. We never had to call him and say that Daniel was feeling lonely. He always came on his own.

## BOB GREENE IMAGINED SPENDING 1927 WITH BABE RUTH, OR 1956 WITH ELVIS PRESLEY

"One night Michael brought my son a pair of shoes. Daniel wasn't going to be getting out of that bed. He wasn't going to be needing a pair of shoes. But Michael came one night carrying a shoe box, and he handed the shoes to Daniel, because I think he wanted my son to think in terms of getting out of bed and getting out of the hospital.

"I bought Daniel one of those big life-size Michael Jordan posters—you know, the cardboard ones that stand up. The ones that are six feet six inches tall. We dressed the poster up. We put a coat over its shoulders and a tie around its neck, and we had it wear a doctor's stethoscope.

"Every time Daniel had something done to him, we'd do it to the poster too," Mr. Spikes said. "If the nurses drew blood, we'd put a bandage on the poster's arm right where the bandage was on Daniel's arm."

"And Michael saw this?" I said.

"He joked about it," Mr. Spikes said. "He came in and looked at it and said, 'That's an old poster. I had hair.' "

I said it must have been tough on him every time Jordan had to leave his son's room; he must have felt a little sad that Daniel wouldn't be seeing Jordan again for a while.

"No, it never made me sad when Michael left," Mr. Spikes said. "I was just so happy that my boy was so happy." ▭

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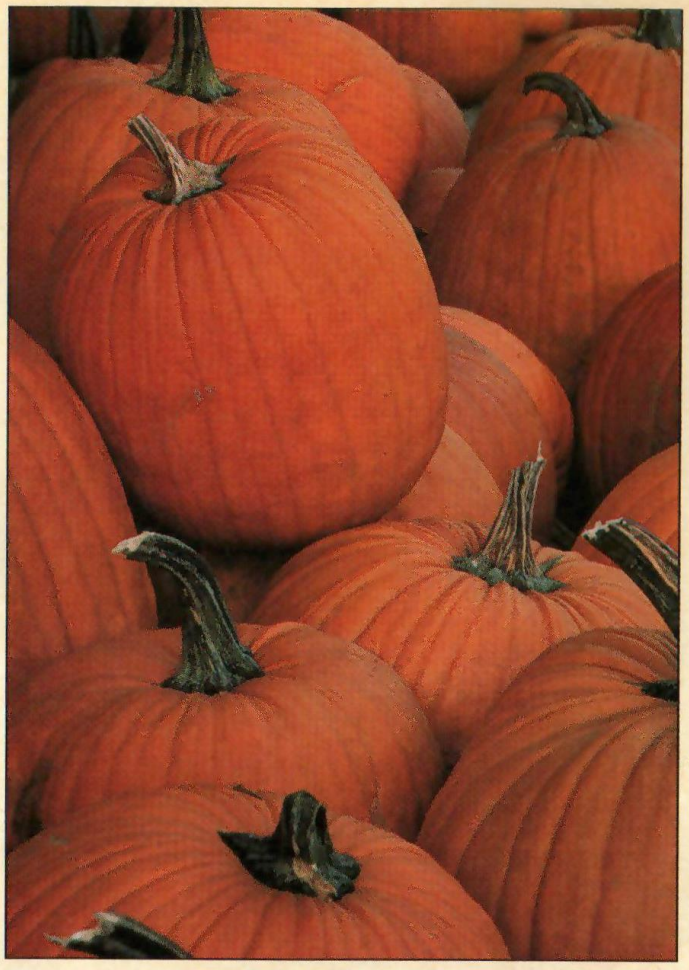
# PUMPKIN disPATCH



## PILGRIMS´ PROGRESS

"Gourd grief!" our ancestors must have thought when they happened on the fat orange orbs we now call pumpkins. While this member of the squash family flourished in North America for thousands of years, early explorers had never encountered such a fruit (yes, fruit!) in their European homelands – and mistook it for melon.

Along with maize and beans, pumpkins were a staple of the American Indian diet and were used from stem to seed – even dried and ground for flour. The pilgrims benefited from these *Curcurbitaceae* connoisseurs who passed on their recipes for flavorful pumpkin breads and puddings. That repertoire was soon expanded by creative colonists who whipped up a variety of pies, pumpkin butter, pumpkin french fries and – in the absence of barley and hops – a very potable pumpkin beer (the flavor was not the same as that of real beer, but the effect was).

Years later, in 1929, solid-pack canned pumpkin simplified the lives of cooks everywhere and is now largely responsible for the 88 million pies that approximately 45 million U.S. households will consume in November.

## THE GAME OF SQUASH

Squash, pumpkin, gourd and vegetable marrow (English summer squash) are siblings, born of the family *Curcurbitaceae*, which also includes cousins cucumber, gherkin, melon and chayote. Their fruits – mild and watery – are built on the same general plan and are happiest when thriving in a fairly warm climate (65 to 75 degrees). Pumpkins can grow anywhere but are raised with particular gusto in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, California, Indiana and Michigan.

## THE A TEAM

Whether eight pounds or 816 (the current world record weight), pumpkins are nutrition friendly - and one of the richest natural sources of vitamin A. One cup of pure pumpkin contains 600 percent of the minimum daily "A" requirement and is also teeming with iron, magnesium, potassium, fiber and vitamin C. And the seedy part? Pumpkin seeds are brimming with protein and iron, making the entire pumpkin package a wholesome pick.

## PASSION FOR PUMPKIN

### PUMPKIN OAT BRAN MUFFINS

- 1 cup oat bran
- 1/2 cup each all-purpose flour and whole-wheat flour
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/3 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger
- 2 large egg whites
- 1/3 cup non-fat or low-fat milk
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1 cup Libby's canned pumpkin

In a bowl, mix bran, all-purpose flour, whole-wheat flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda, cinnamon and ginger. In another bowl, beat whites to blend with milk, oil and pumpkin. Add to dry ingredients; stir just until evenly moistened.

Spoon batter equally in 12 paper-lined 2 1/2 inch muffin cups. Bake at 375° until tops are well-browned, 30 to 35 minutes. Serve warm. Makes one dozen.

## HEARD IT THROUGH THE PUMPKIN VINE

- *In 1988, Whittaker Chambers' famous pumpkin patch outside Westminster, Md. was declared an Historic Landmark. His patch held the pumpkin which contained the documents used to convict suspected spy Alger Hiss of perjury.*
- *Early colonists of New Haven, Ct. placed dried pumpkin shells on the heads of their brethren to guide the barber's scissors, giving rise to the colloquialism "pumpkin head."*
- *Irish lore maintains that the jack-o'-lantern's namesake was a dastardly drunk who was barred from heaven for his stinginess and from hell for his tricks on the devil. Poor Jack was condemned to walk the earth unto eternity with only a coal-lit turnip to light the way.*

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# The "*Hope you made more than one*" Pumpkin Pie.

## *Libby's Famous Pumpkin Pie*

*2 eggs, lightly beaten*
*1 can (16oz.) Libby's® Solid Pack Pumpkin*
*3/4 cup granulated sugar*
*1/2 tsp. salt*
*1 tsp. ground cinnamon*
*1/2 tsp. ground ginger*
*1/4 tsp. ground cloves*
*1-1/2 cups (1-12 fl.oz. can) undiluted Carnation® Evaporated Milk*
*1 9" unbaked pie crust (4 cups volume)*

*Combine filling ingredients in order given; pour into pie crust. Bake in preheated 425°F. oven for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350°F. Bake an additional 40–50 minutes or until knife inserted near center comes out clean. (If necessary, cover edge of crust with aluminum foil to prevent excessive browning.) Cool; garnish if desired. Note: Bake pie on preheated heavy-duty cookie sheet only when using metal or foil pie pan.*

© 1992, Nestlé Food Co.

# Eighty Kids Learn What It Takes to Become

# SEA WORTHY

PHOTOGRAPHY: REX ZIAK
TEXT: CHARLES HIRSHBERG

There must be an easier way to grow up than clinging to the top of swaying 100-foot masts as freezing rain and gale-force winds whip by, with no safety lines, nothing to stand on but rotting

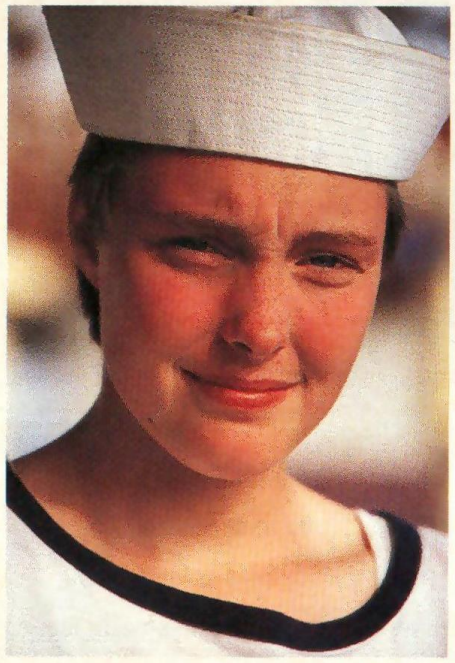
ropes. Each year hundreds of Danish students, ages 16 to 20, compete for the right to suffer such torture aboard the 196-foot three-masted tall ship *Danmark.* Those chosen for the annual four-month round-trip voyage between Copenhagen and New York City, the subject of an October 25 *World of Discovery* program on ABC, are tested in ways they never could have imagined. Struggling without sleep for days on end, fighting their way across heaving decks swept by mountainous seas, they gain a steely confidence that will fortify them for the rest of their lives.

*Cadets are subject to stiff discipline from their first moment aboard (inset). They find out why when it's time to climb the masts in a gale.*

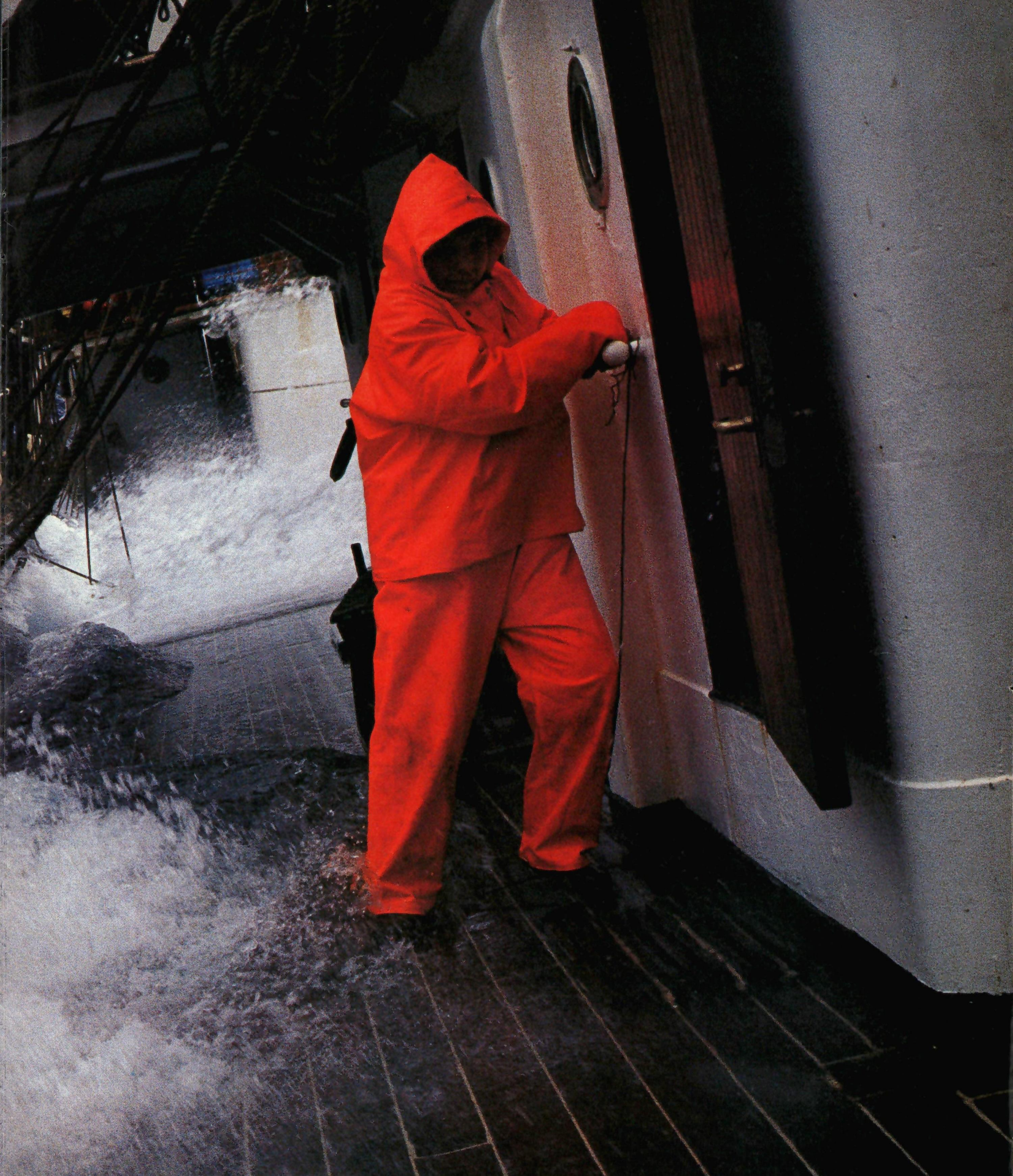
His name is Anders Hilkjaer, but on the *Danmark,* cadets are referred to by number, so he is known only as No. 65. After a month at sea, the 16-year-old wants desperately to abandon ship, but that would be humiliating. "My father's a captain," he sighs. "He'll be so disappointed if I fail." Seasick for two days, he is unable to eat or sleep. Exhaustion makes it almost impossible to do the taxing work of orderly seamanship: to raise or furl the stiff, heavy sails (17,600 square feet of fabric that handles more like sheet metal than canvas), to identify 235 different lines, then to pull, haul and coil them on command. One mistake and a comrade could die. Anders decides to take drastic action—a talk with Captain Kaare Forshammer, 42. The captain's prescription: "Stay busy. That way you won't have time to think." Amazingly, it works. Weeks later, Anders volunteers for extra duty in bad weather. Seeing the captain on deck, he thanks Forshammer for convincing him to stay on board. Says the captain with satisfaction, "That is like sugar in my coffee."

*It takes 20 cadets heaving with all their might to raise one of the* Danmark*'s huge sails, so Anders (inset, far left) and his shipmates catnap whenever they can.*

*Anny Nielsen (inset) and her shipmates endured the worst storms Captain Forshammer can recall.*



Anny Nielsen is reluctant to complain about a menacing shipmate until the day he leans over the mess table and snarls: "If we were up in the rigging right now, I'd throw you off." Now she has no choice. "When you're 115 feet aloft, you *have* to rely on the guy you're working with," explains *Danmark* Second Mate Anders Dahl. To understand the dangers that make trust essential, one needs to see these young sailors clinging to one another as 25-foot waves threaten to wash them all out to sea. When Captain Forshammer calls Anny and her tormentor to his cabin, he tells the offending cadet: "Your fate is in her hands. Unless you can convince her that she's safe with you, you're going home." Anny's antagonist begs her to accompany him to a yardarm 100 feet up. There two specks in the sky have a long tête-à-tête. Afterward, Anny says her enemy has become her friend. "I've learned a lot about people on this trip, especially boys."



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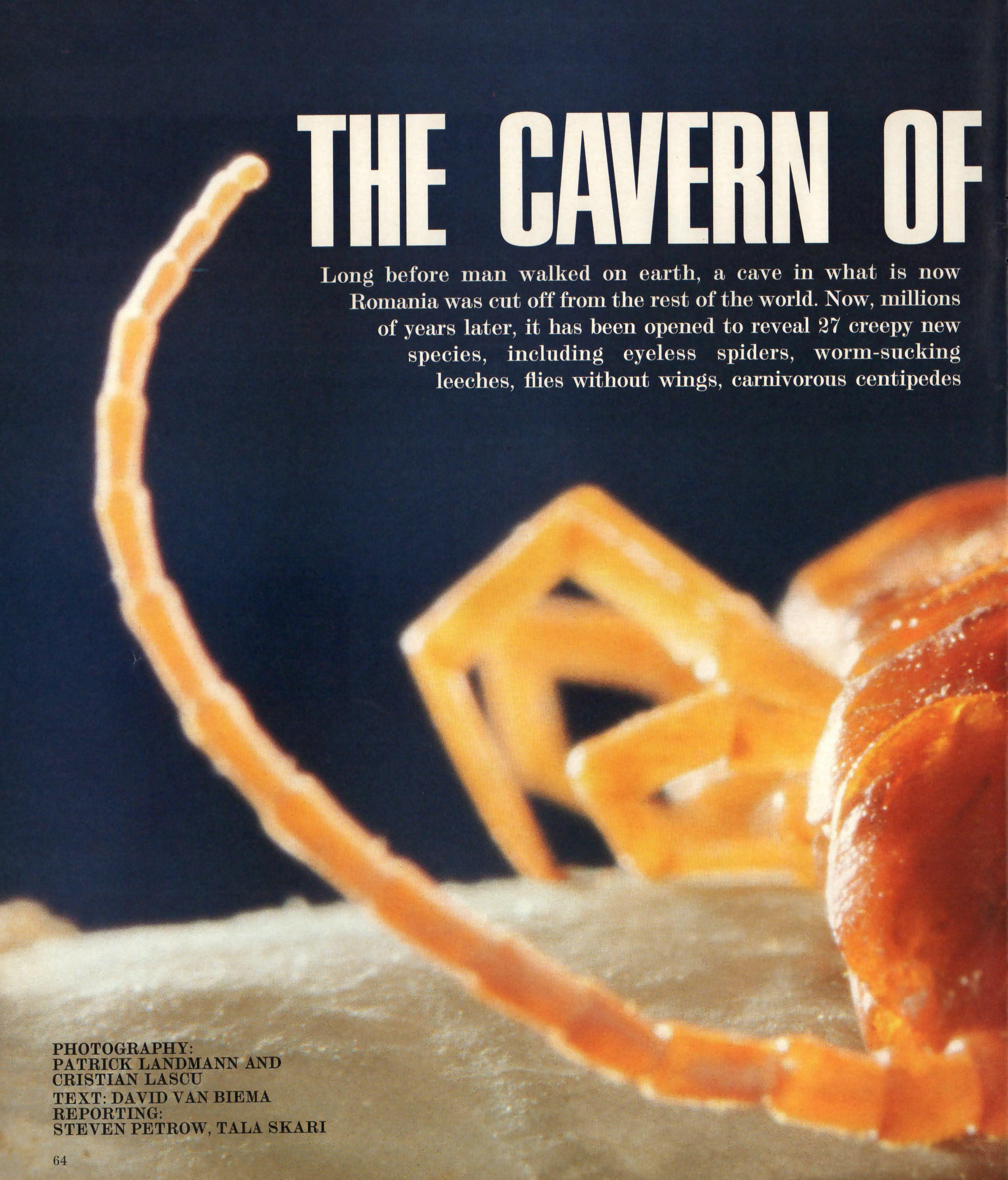
*New York Harbor is new to Linda Rasmussen (inset) but not to the* Danmark*: 5,000 Coast Guard cadets trained on the ship during WWII.*

Linda Rasmussen describes the 10th week of the voyage, just days before the ship is due to arrive in America, as "probably the most horrible time in my life. Everybody has lost tolerance. Everybody is tired of not having any private life." Indeed, for 74 days on end, the entire crew has been crammed into two cabins 26 feet long by 31 feet wide. Here they sleep in hammocks slung so close together they look like bunches of bananas. Though boys and girls wash and dress in front of one another, sexual contact is strictly forbidden. Small wonder tensions run high. Linda is amazed at how quickly everyone brightens up when the ship docks, first at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn., and, finally, in New York. "The minute we saw other people, everything changed." But Linda believes her fondest memory will be of time spent alone. Standing on the deck at night in a calm sea, "you see the stars and the moon, and there's only the dark and you," she says. "Now I can't stop thinking about the old sailors who navigated by the stars—and I will never look at stars the same way again." ▭

# THE CAVERN OF

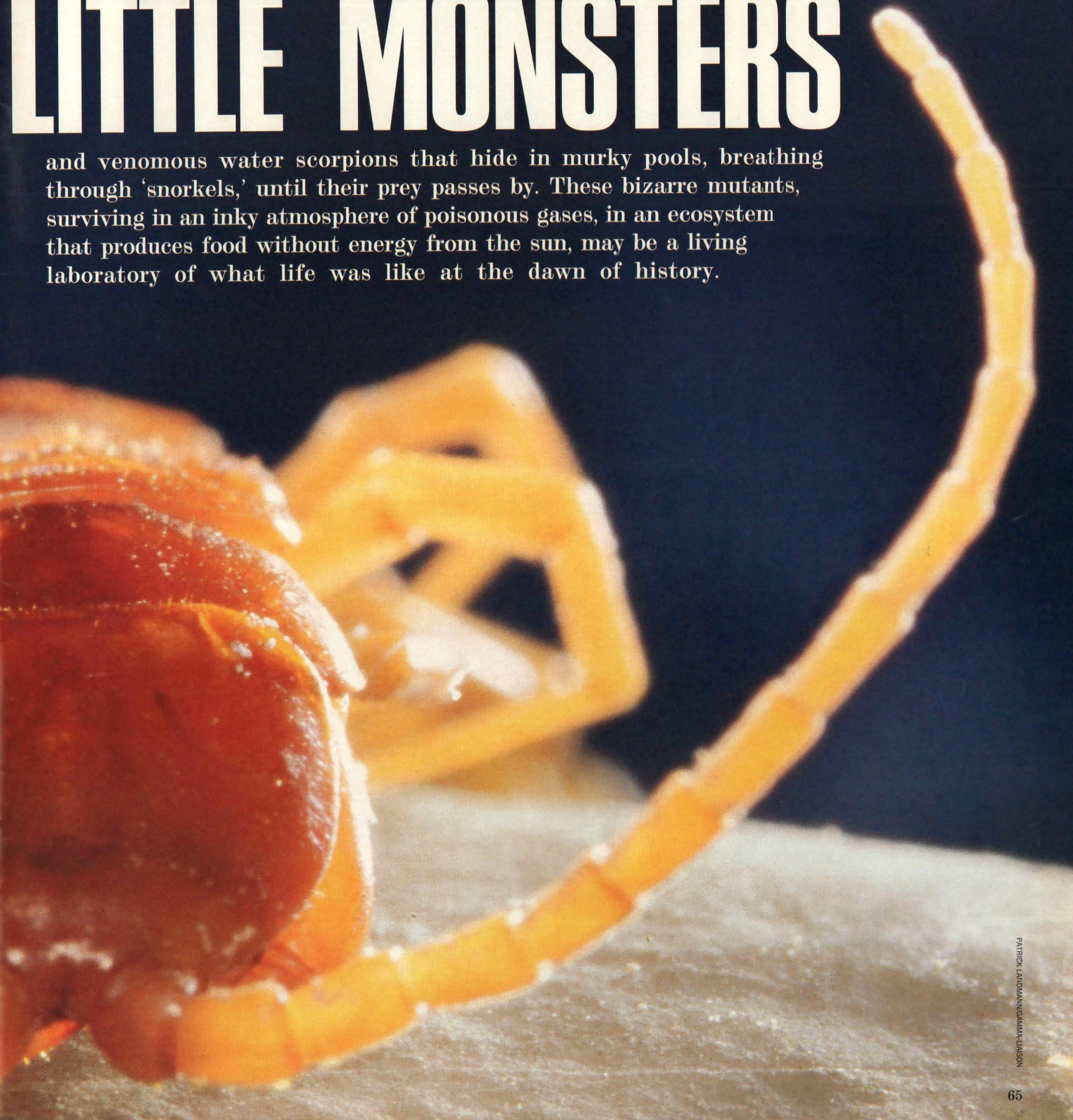
**Long before man walked on earth, a cave in what is now Romania was cut off from the rest of the world. Now, millions of years later, it has been opened to reveal 27 creepy new species, including eyeless spiders, worm-sucking leeches, flies without wings, carnivorous centipedes**




PHOTOGRAPHY:
PATRICK LANDMANN AND
CRISTIAN LASCU
TEXT: DAVID VAN BIEMA
REPORTING:
STEVEN PETROW, TALA SKARI

# LITTLE MONSTERS

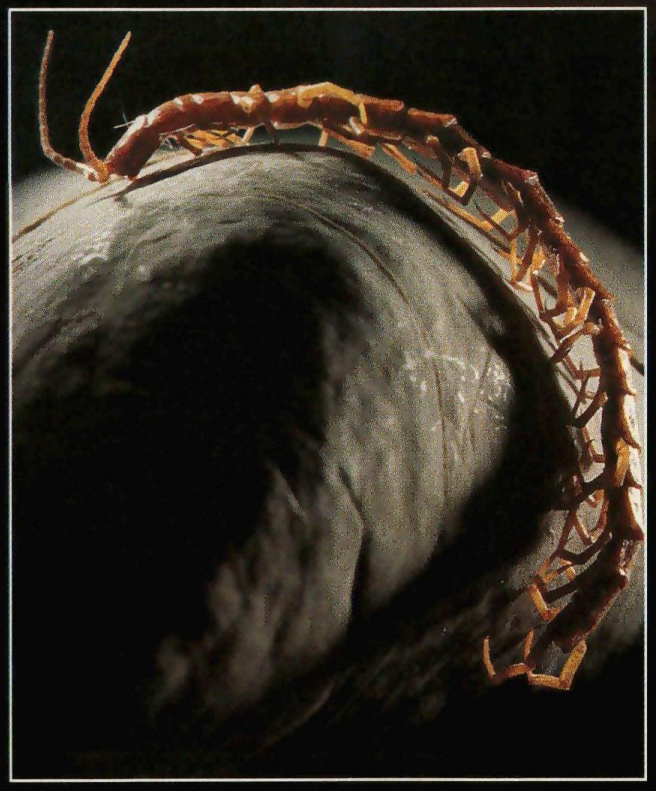
and venomous water scorpions that hide in murky pools, breathing through 'snorkels,' until their prey passes by. These bizarre mutants, surviving in an inky atmosphere of poisonous gases, in an ecosystem that produces food without energy from the sun, may be a living laboratory of what life was like at the dawn of history.



PATRICK LANDMANN/GAMMA-LIAISON

# MUTANTS OF THE NIGHT

This centipede *(near right and previous pages)* is a top-of-the-food-chain predator that scientists call the lion of the cave. Up to three inches long, a relative giant among the cave dwellers, the blind arthropod uses oversize antennae to locate spiders and sow bugs, injects a paralyzing venom and then devours them.



Albinolike and eyeless, these terrestrial isopods are among the oldest inhabitants of the cave. The tiny crustaceans, which serve as scavengers, are related to shrimps and lobsters. Four new species have been identified so far.

PATRICK LANDMANN/GAMMA-LIAISON (2)

# NASTY PLACES TO SWIM

CRISTIAN LASCU (3)

Serban Sarbu *(right)* explores a smelly spring at the surface to compare its ecosystem to the cave's. An expert diver, Sarbu was the first biologist to explore the grotto's caustic waters. In 1987 he fled Romania to seek political asylum in the U.S., but when the Ceauşescu regime collapsed, he returned to discover nearly a dozen unknown species.

# WILD THINGS

Scientists say that despite a total lack of sunlight and very little oxygen, the cave has a rich and diverse food supply that supports an astounding number of predators. Among the more horrific are a giant leech *(left)*, called the monster of the cave, and the very long-legged spider *(below)*, referred to as the wolf for its speed and voraciousness. Instead of spinning a web, it runs down millipedes, isopods *(top left)* and, from time to time, its own young.

PATRICK LANDMANN/GAMMA-LIAISON

This cave, a mile inland from the Romanian shore of the Black Sea, is a place that at first glance—certainly at first sniff—reminds people of hell. Even Cristian Lascu, its discoverer and in whose honor one of its more venomous spiders is named, describes the odor that assaulted him when he first journeyed down into it as "the hell smell."

The air in the inner chambers is lethally low in oxygen. The hydrogen sulfide in the water corrodes metal within minutes. Bacterial goo coats every surface. And then there are the tenants: a millipede with no eyes, only sockets; a crustacean with antennae like Salvador Dalí's mustache and the pallor of a vampire's victim; a tiny spider that *is* a vampire, sucking the innards out of its neighbors. Serban Sarbu, a biologist who has spent more time here underwater than anyone, calls it *"dezgustatoar."* Nasty.

But he says it fondly. For since its discovery, other adjectives have been applied to this place Romanians call the Movile grotto. *Fascinat* was the reaction of the professors at the Emil Racovita Speleological Institute in Bucharest when they began to get a look at its little monsters.

And then, as word got out to a few scientists overseas, another adjective: *Istoric.* Historic.

The revelation resulted from a dictator's whim. Three and a half years before his fatal fall in 1989, Nicolae Ceauşescu decided to build a nuclear power plant on the Dobrogea Plateau near the resort town of Mangalia. Ceauşescu, goes the story, gazed out a helicopter window, found the grassy seaside landscape below good, and pointed.

Some months later, workers drilling a foundation in the limestone came to a halt. Sixty feet down was a large crevasse: a small irregularity or a project-threatening cavern? Lascu, a geologist with caving expertise, shinnied down the shaft to find out. Peering into an opening about 18 inches wide, he realized he had stumbled across something exciting.

He tore away at the opening with his hands, enlarging it enough to enter a narrow tunnel, which, after 300 feet, ended at a small lake. There Lascu was assaulted by a stench like rotten eggs, and he noticed that the water was mysteriously warm. He became woozy; there was very little oxygen. He barely had the breath to climb back to the surface and gasp, "There's a cave under your thermonuclear plant."

The plant was scrapped. Lascu was quietly overjoyed. He returned with some colleagues, notably Sarbu, a cave expert. Using scuba gear, Sarbu mapped out a long, often water-filled corridor connecting a series of air bells. In each successive bell, oxygen dwindled and toxic gases increased; by the last, the air was poisonous to most forms of life. The water was heated to 68° by geothermal springs and topped with a yellow scum, "like when you buy bad milk and see a skin floating on the surface," says Sarbu, who found himself wearing it when he emerged from the pools. As for the cave walls, they were alive with animals.

The first things researchers noticed were spiders. "Small and large," says Lascu. "Everything was moving fast, and they were all over the place." A geologist picked three at random and was astonished when biologists at the Racovita Institute declared each an undiscovered species. Next came centipedes, leeches, tiny crustaceans and sow bugs. All were shorter than four inches, all were breathing levels of carbon dioxide that would kill their cousins on the surface, and nine out of 10 had not been seen before by humans.

*Istoric.* As mankind intrudes on the world's last truly wild areas, it is common to encounter new plants and animals. But to unearth an entire ecosystem of new species (27 so far) is unparalleled.

Not that the creepy-crawlies aren't fantastic individually. A leech yet to be given a scientific name sucks not blood but earthworms, whole, like a kid with a strand of spaghetti. A water scorpion lurks below the pool's surface, breathing through a "snorkel" extended from its abdomen. A centipede captures prey with its oversize back feet, which then detach so it can spin around and dine frontally. Even the majority of the cave's minuscule snails and crustaceans, if not quite so bizarre, have proved to be unique.

And they have been down there a very long time. Most species, after 100,000 or more generations in the dark, lose their protective pigment: Coloration in the Movile ranges from light brown to translucent. Nor is there much use for eyes: Some animals have fewer than their

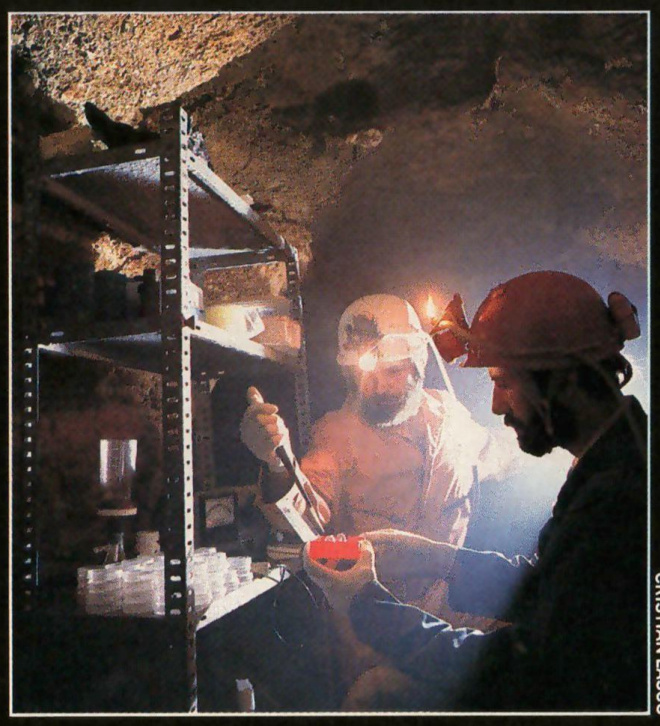
# A LOST WORLD

Romanian biologist Radu Popa crawls through a narrow passage in the Movile cave slathered with billions of brightly colored bacteria. The walls teem with insects breathing noxious gases that rise from the bowels of the earth.

CRISTIAN LASCU

# FOOD FOR THE MASSES

Nestled in a dry gallery of the cave that now gets oxygen from above, Sarbu and Popa *(right)* test water samples for levels of carbon dioxide. The $CO_2$ is used by bacteria to produce food for larger animals such as the aquatic isopod *(below)*, a favored food of the even larger water scorpions.



CRISTIAN LASCU

PATRICK LANDMANN/GAMMA-LIAISON

aboveground cousins, some empty sockets and others just an optic nerve. To compensate, many have developed long antennae and other sensory extremities: Wilt Chamberlain limbs on Martin Short torsos.

Most remarkable, though, is the food chain in which these creatures are arranged. From the top, it seems quite conventional. Large predators, such as centipedes and water scorpions, eat smaller millipedes and snails, which eat tiny fungi and bacteria. The extraordinary link is the bottom one. A bacterium, with the Latin name *Beggiatoa,* does not do what building blocks of food everywhere else do: It does not convert solar energy into food via chlorophyll and photosynthesis. Instead, performing a function it developed who knows how many eons ago, *Beggiatoa* makes food with energy derived from the separation of hydrogen and sulfide ions. In fact, the yellow color of the bacterial scum that draped Sarbu results from tiny granules of pure sulfur that are a by-product of the process.

This alternative energy system may be well suited to the cave's midnight world, but it is exceedingly rare. The only other known non-photosynthetic food chain exists 12,000 feet deep in the ocean, surrounding jets of scalding water rich in hydrogen sulfide. But the deep-sea ecosystem is not pristine: Edible matter constantly floats down from the chlorophyll-based system above. And although a few caves similar to Movile have been discovered, the Romanian cavern is by far the least contaminated ever encountered.

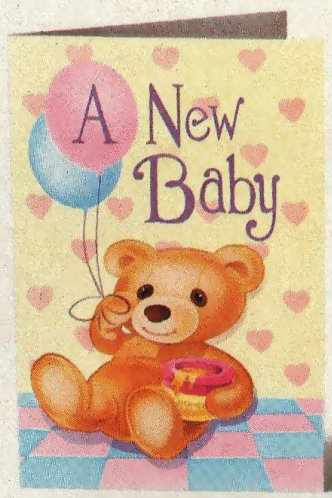
For a while, this amazing find was neglected during convulsions in the political ecosystem upstairs. In early 1987 impoverished locals who had heard that Movile harbored "scientific treasure" vandalized the shaft's guard doors. Sarbu defected to the United States in mid-1987 because of persecution by government officials, and Lascu found himself blacklisted by the Ceauşescu regime because of contacts with American scientists. In December 1989 came Romania's revolution.

When the smoke cleared, the scientists returned, this time with American and French colleagues. Their working theory: Since the closest relatives of many of the cave's creatures can be found in the tropics, their ancestors must have entered the cave some 5.5 million years ago—during the Miocene Epoch, the last time Romania had a balmy climate. As the new immigrants thrived in their wet, warm grotto, no less than 17 ice ages drove out—or wiped out—their aboveground kin. In the Quaternary Age, centuries of winds blew clay dust over the area, eventually sealing the cave. From at least 10,000 B.C. on, nothing from the surface—new bugs, runoff water or even fallout from Chernobyl that has been found in nearby water tables—was able to penetrate the Movile.

It was, in effect, a limestone safe-deposit box that some experts now maintain safeguards a clue to life's origins. Earth's climate at the geological instant when matter became animate could not have supported oxygen-based photosynthesis. In fact, a sulfide-rich atmosphere is much closer to what might have been. *Beggiatoa,* therefore, may be much closer than green algae to the earliest link on the food chain. And some of the creepy-crawlies would be much closer than . . . well, Thomas Kane, a University of Cincinnati biologist, says that "going into the cave is like going back to Europe to see where your grandparents lived, who they were and the kind of world they lived in. Only this is going a little further." It makes one look more affectionately at that disgusting centipede.

It also increases one's awareness of the fragility of the cave. The intoxication of discovery has been tempered by more sober concerns of preservation. Cold, dry air from the surface has already forced some animals further into the grotto's recesses. Conventional species wandering down could also destroy the priceless little kingdom, depriving us of our looking glass into the way we were. Painfully aware of this, the Romanians have equipped the doors to the cave with airtight seals and are allowing only three researchers regular access. Even though they believe the cave continues beyond the known air bells, no one wants to risk what exists by exploring further. "It's a window, a keyhole into a kind of system lost in space and time," says Lascu. Adds Sarbu: "We need to make every effort to preserve it as it is. If we destroy it, there will be nothing to study."

And so a tiny hell is revealed as a miniature Eden, with mankind, looking down at it from above, responsible for preventing its fall. *Fascinat.* ▭

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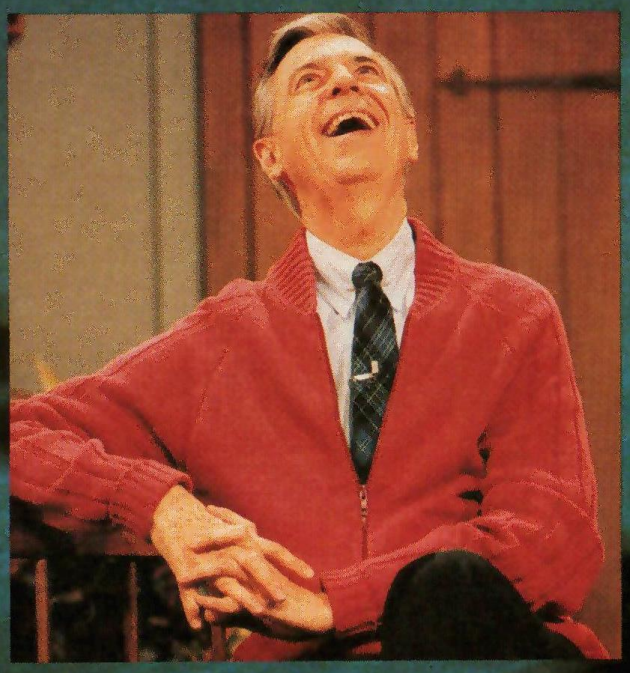

# The Good Life—Mister

**He has spent almost 25 years on national television as host of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood.* Some parents may be mystified, but the kids who grew up watching him understand very well the power of his message: You are special, no matter what you are on the outside. Nowadays it's hip to love Mister Rogers.**

# —and Works—of Rogers

BY JEANNE MARIE LASKAS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
LYNN JOHNSON

When Fred Rogers arrived at Boston University for commencement exercises last spring, he was carrying his father's plain black graduation robe, which he wanted to wear. But all the other graduates would be in red robes, the BU people explained. Wouldn't he rather wear one of those instead? "Well, O.K.," Rogers said, and he put on the shiny new garment. "This sure is fancy, my goodness!" he said, looking more like a kid playing dress-up than a man about to receive his 25th honorary doctorate.

A Presbyterian minister, Rogers was scheduled to give the invocation. People are often surprised to learn that Rogers, 64, is a clergyman, and yet that fact is at the root of almost everything about him. When he was ordained in 1963, he chose television as the medium for his ministry and children as his congregation. The result is *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood,* the longest-running program on public television. February will mark its 25th anniversary on national television.

Surely none of the somber deans or other regally dressed academics sitting onstage at BU were prepared for what happened when the name Fred Rogers was announced to the class of 1992.

"Wooooo!" shouted 5,400 graduates, jumping to their feet. "Mister Rogers! Aaaaoooo!" they yelled, and some threw their caps like Frisbees into the sky. "Mister Rogers! Woooooo! Tweeeet! Aaaaoooo!"

This was, after all, Rogers' audience. The kids who grew up watching *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* are today's college students. They believe in him. They don't hesitate to stand up and cheer for him.

A decade ago Mister Rogers was treated far less respectfully. Remember Eddie Murphy, Cheech and Chong, Johnny Carson and other comedians who made people laugh by poking fun at Mister Rogers? Perhaps the intensity of the program set those people off. Rogers' persona is unlike anything you're liable to see on television: slow, deliberate, gentle. Children accept it because it is so like them: genuine. Adults can feel threatened by it, perhaps because it recalls for them a lost child within. For some, it's easier to make fun of Mister Rogers than it is to figure him out.

You don't see as many satires anymore. For one thing, young adults today have Mister Rogers in their souls; they grew up with him. For another, he has aged gracefully. Making fun of Mister Rogers would be like making fun of your own grandfather.

Nowadays, it's hip to love Mister Rogers. The cheering in the stadium went on for minutes, growing louder and louder. "Wooo! Tweeet! Mister Rogers!" Finally, the graduates broke into the "wave," jumping in sequence like fans do at football games. It was quite a sight, all those red robes going up and down. Rogers stood before them, smiling shyly, wondering how he would ever put these wild kids in the mood for praying. Then he leaned into the microphone, and in his tiniest voice he asked, "Will you sing with me?"

Timidly, he began singing, "It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood," the opening song of his program. It seemed like such a weird thing to do. It seemed like such a courageous thing to do. And therein lies the key to Mister Rogers' appeal: It's his capacity to be weak that makes him so strong.

It worked. ". . . Would you be mine? Could you be mine? Won't you be my neighbor . . ." The graduates knew all the words, and they joined in, arm in arm, swaying back and forth in their red robes, and the stadium was tamed with song.

Fred Rogers lives in Pittsburgh, where *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* is produced. The life he leads is disciplined, peaceful and quiet. He swims every morning at 6:30 at a local pool, where he weighs in at precisely 143 pounds. He is a strict vegetarian. He doesn't drink or smoke, rarely goes to parties and gets to bed by 9:30. His favorite place on earth is The Crooked House, a rickety old home in Nantucket, Mass., to which he retreats every summer. He is a voracious reader, and when he finds he needs to unwind, he likes to improvise on one of his two grand pianos. Music is his second love. His first

ADDITIONAL REPORTING: SASHA NYARY

**Visitors to the *Neighborhood* include the famous—Van Cliburn, Big Bird, Yo-Yo Ma, Wynton Marsalis—and the quirky, such as Bobby Speca, who took three hours to set up some 3,000 dominoes. Knocking them down took seconds *(right).* Above, Rogers howls like *Neighborhood* resident Bob Dog, whose picture he's holding.**

**When Rogers meets children, he gets down to their level and finds something in common with them. He discusses sneakers with a visitor *(below)* who has cerebral palsy.**

Rogers writes the stories for each day's program and works most of the puppets *(below)*, including Lady Elaine Fairchilde, who talks with Chuck Aber, Your Westwood Neighbor.

The puppets represent various aspects of Rogers' own personality. They range from the shy, sweet Daniel Striped Tiger to Lady Elaine *(below)*, who is feisty and opinionated.

Rogers and his four-year-old grandson live near each other and often play together. Rogers, a vegetarian, performs "this little piggy had tofu" for Alexander, a regular viewer of the program.

is Joanne, his wife of 40 years, who is a concert pianist. They met in college. A jolly woman with a southern drawl, she rolls through life with infectious laughter. "Oh, that is wonderful, just wonderful!" she is liable to say about the simplest discovery—a spider web, a shadow, a pretty piece of chocolate.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers live in an elegant apartment in a neighborhood called Oakland, the university section of town. They have two sons, John, 30, who works in real estate in Topeka, Kans., and James, 33, a hospital technician who lives with his wife and son just a few blocks from his parents. Rogers has always been careful to keep his family out of the media spotlight. But he will tell you that his grandson, four-year-old Alexander, is the current light of his life. "Alexander teaches me to be present in the moment," he says. They play together—and most of the ideas for *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* now come from Alexander.

Rogers still writes all the scripts for his program, in addition to all the songs, in addition to working and doing the voices for most of the puppets. He is careful never to use the word "show" when referring to the program. He is not an actor. There is no showmanship here.

Studio A in the WQED building in Pittsburgh turns into a colorful, somewhat mystical place each time the *Neighborhood* set—a modest contraption that hasn't changed much over the years—is brought in. The furniture and curtains are outdated. The puppets are crude; the mouths of most don't even move. *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* has the appearance of something a kid could put on in his own living room. The significance? This is a place just like home. This is a visit from a favorite uncle, or grandfather, or some other grownup who has time just for you.

Every day he greets you singing the same song. Every day he takes off his sport coat and puts on a sweater. (He has a large, colorful collection of these sweaters, most made by his mother. One hangs on permanent exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, not far from Archie Bunker's chair.) Every day he takes off his shoes, puts on his sneakers. The ritual—as in a church service—has a way of lulling you. Every day you know what to expect. This place is dependable. This place is safe.

The viewer travels from Mister Rogers' living room to the Neighborhood of Make-Believe, from reality to fantasy, the journey teaching you something about the world. Not your ABCs. Not how to count from one to 10 in Spanish. His lessons are about war, love, divorce, competition, death. Each week the program tackles a new theme—through stories. The emotions surrounding the death of a loved one, for instance, were explored when Mister Rogers discovered that one of his goldfish had died. He faced the fact of its death. He grieved. He buried it. Running parallel to this were the troubles in the Neighborhood of Make-Believe, where the trolley had jumped its tracks. The neighbors thought the trolley was dead. They explored their own feelings of loss. And then Mister Rogers brought his audience back to the real world and told the true story of what happened when he was a boy, and his best friend, his dog, Mitzi, died. He talked about how sad you feel when you are left alone by the one you love.

The program's target audience is children aged two to five, who might also tune in to the more dazzling world of *Sesame Street*, with its quick cuts and graphics slick enough to keep adults amused. Two Yale psychologists once did a study comparing the programs and found that kids follow the *Neighborhood* stories better than the zippy world of *Sesame Street*—and ➳

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Rogers and Joanne escape to Nantucket every chance they get. They celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on the island last summer. To mark the occasion, Rogers got his wife jewelry, while Joanne, as always, was stumped about what to buy a man who cares so little for possessions.

that *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* improved the children's imaginative play. Scholars hail the program as perhaps the healthiest fare on TV for children. "Children's television is a disgrace," says George Gerbner of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been conducting a study of television programming for 25 years. "It treats children as consumers to be manipulated. There is no one else doing what Rogers does. He treats children as human beings. It's a shame that he's the only one."

The central message on *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* is always the same, and it's stated over and over again: You are special. You are worthwhile, no matter what you are on the outside. Your insides are what matter.

It is a deceptively simple lesson in self-esteem that children seem to gulp down whole, as if satisfying a tremendous hunger.

Just as Fred Rogers did when he was a boy.

Rogers was born in Latrobe, a small industrial town in western Pennsylvania that also produced golfer Arnold Palmer and Rolling Rock beer. He lived in the great big red brick house on Weldon Street. The Rogerses were a wealthy family; his father was president of the McFeely Brick Company, one of the largest employers in the area. Rogers' childhood was solitary. He was sickly, an only child until he turned 11, when his parents adopted a baby girl. His mother, who was known for her enormous generosity, doted on him and feared always for his safety. He was not allowed to play outside by himself. She tried to cure him of his hay fever by providing him with an air-conditioned room, where he spent an entire summer, day and night. An overweight, lonely boy, he coped with life's traumas through his puppets and through music.

The brightest spot in the young boy's life was his maternal grandfather, Fred McFeely, the man after whom Rogers was named. (Mr. McFeely would eventually end up as a character in the Neighborhood.) His grandfather let him climb on the giant stone wall—by himself! His grandfather let him run free. His grandfather always had some fascinating thing to show him, and together they liked to order stuff from Sears.

One day, when one of their visits was coming to an end, his grandfather turned to him and said, "You know, you made this day a really special day. Just by being yourself. There's only one person in the world like you. And I happen to like you just the way you are."

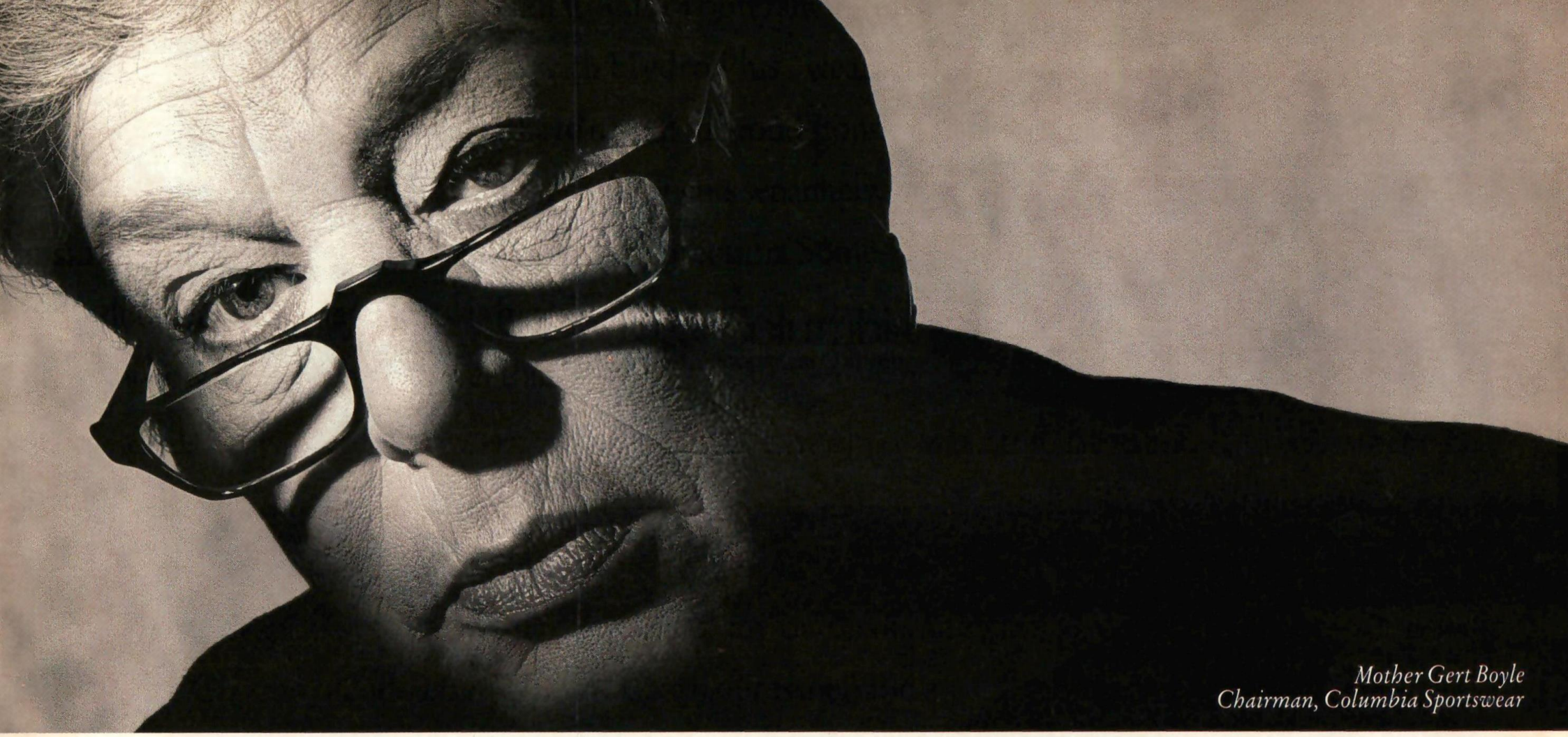
That was it. That was the message that went soaring like an arrow into his heart, never to budge.

In a way, Fred Rogers has spent the rest of his life trying to become the same kind of force to millions that his grandfather was to him.

Rogers never planned to go into television. He planned to be a musician or a minister, or both. He went to Rollins College in Florida to study music composition, and by his senior year he had been accepted at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary.

That was 1951. When he came home for Easter vacation, he confronted television for the first time. "I just hated it," he recalls. "Grown men were throwing pies at each other." He thought that the medium had potential for better things, and so he decided on a new career. "Everyone was so flabbergasted," he says, "because literally, I was supposed to start in the seminary in September."

He got a job in New York City on the *NBC Opera Theatre,* then ➳



*Mother Gert Boyle*
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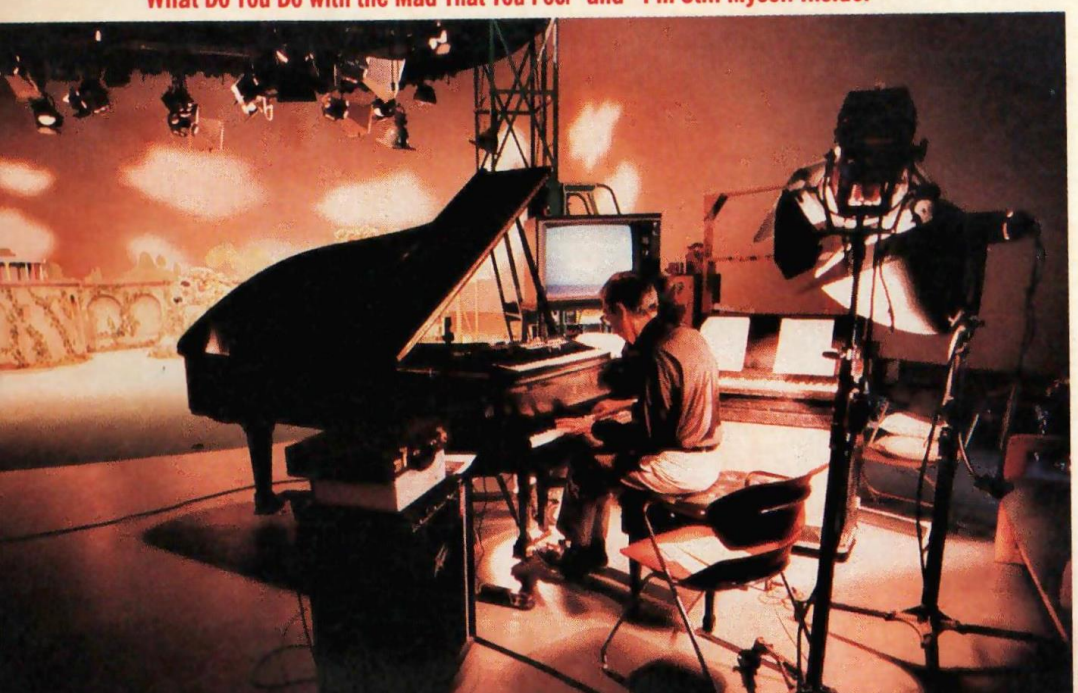
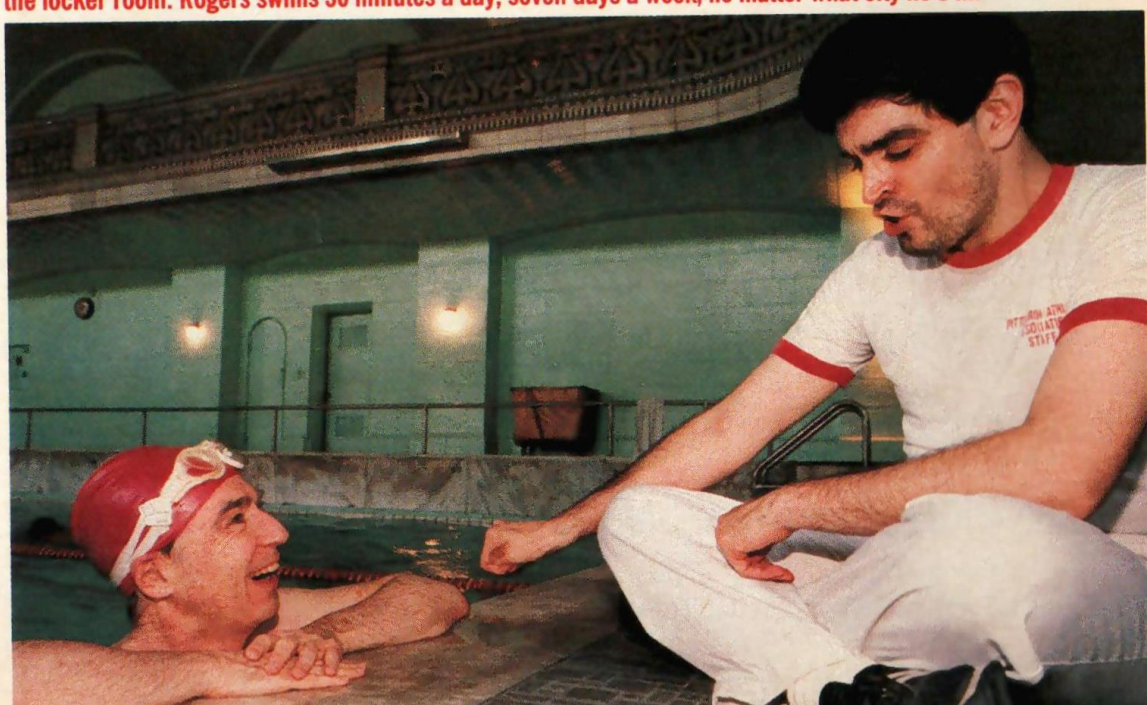
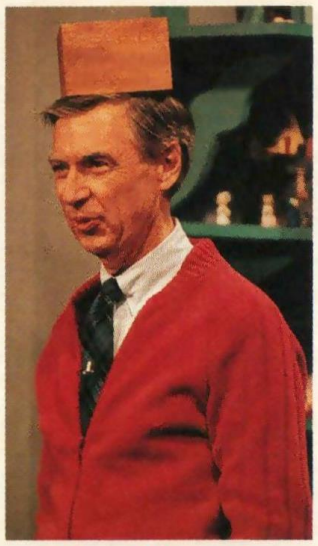
Rogers has written dozens of songs to help him convey such *Neighborhood* themes as "What Do You Do with the Mad That You Feel" and "I'm Still Myself Inside."



Rogers starts every morning chatting at the pool with longtime friend Jeff Varion *(below)*, who works in the locker room. Rogers swims 30 minutes a day, seven days a week, no matter what city he's in.





Rogers' Nantucket retreat, decorated in Early American Thrift Shop and homemade gifts from friends, is called The Crooked House. Rogers spends his time there writing songs and essays and reading philosophy and theology.

Rogers has stayed close to his mentor from the seminary, William Orr. When Orr turned 85 recently, Rogers brought a cake to his nursing home and celebrated with Orr's wife, Millie.

*Your Lucky Strike Hit Parade* and *The Kate Smith Hour.* He was moving up the ladder, having been promoted to network floor director, when, in 1953, he startled everybody once again by deciding to leave NBC for a job with the nation's first community-supported public television station, Pittsburgh's WQED-TV. "The people at NBC said, 'You're out of your mind! That place isn't even on the air yet!' And I said, 'Well, something tells me that's what I'm supposed to do.' "

He wrote and produced *The Children's Corner,* in partnership with a friend named Josie Carey. Though he wasn't seen on camera, Rogers worked the puppets. He also enrolled at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, where his education included training in child psychology at Pittsburgh's Arsenal Family and Children Center, founded by Dr. Benjamin Spock and Margaret McFarland, with consulting help from Erik Erikson. He was ignited by his studies and particularly by noted child psychologist McFarland, who helped him to explore the way children experience the world. He consulted with her almost daily until she died in 1988.

And yet McFarland claimed that Rogers was the one who taught her about childhood. "He is able to empathize in a unique way," she once said. "He is one of the rare individuals who hasn't shed his own childhood experiences."

In the end, it was the marriage of television, psychology and theology that provided the atmosphere in which Rogers thrived. The prototype of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* was a 15-minute program called *Misterogers*, produced in 1963 by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which resembled the Neighborhood of Make-Believe segments of today. Revamped and extended to a half-hour format that incorporated visits with Mister Rogers in his living room, it was next seen on a local Pittsburgh station. In 1967 the Sears-Roebuck Foundation agreed to fund the program and make it available to all public television stations nationally. Today, *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* is broadcast on more than 300 stations and watched by more than eight million households a week.

At each morning's taping there are kids running through Studio A. Many are fans who have written letters; Rogers receives about a hundred a week and responds to each one personally. Children with special needs are often invited to visit the set.

"Hey, you're the real Mister Rogers!" Brian Campbell cries out when he sees his hero walk into Studio A. A plump little boy, somewhat awkward, Brian, 10, has Williams syndrome, a condition that causes mild mental retardation and congenital heart defects. He's come all the way from Arlington, Tex., to meet Mister Rogers.

"And you're the real you," Rogers says, bending down to shake Brian's hand. "You're so brave to shake my hand."

"I am special, aren't I, Mister Rogers?" Brian says.

"Yes, you are."

"You know what, Mister Rogers?" Brian says. "You are my friend." With that, the boy starts singing a song from the *Neighborhood*. "You are my friend, you are special . . ." Rogers puts his arm around him and sings along quietly. The crew in the studio grows silent. "Good for you, Brian," Rogers says when the song is over. "Good for you!"

"Can I give you a big hug, Mister Rogers?" Brian asks.

Fred Rogers opens his arms, and Brian Campbell falls inside.

"I love you, Mister Rogers," Brian says.

Brian's mother is completely undone by this exchange. "This is the highlight of my life," she says.

I'm telling you, you get blown away when you start paying attention to what Fred is doing," says Teresa Edmondson, a 35-year-old production intern. "They need a *Mister Rogers* show for adults. It is profound! At my age, going back to school, a single mother, divorced, you know, I have a lot of doubts about myself. And when I listen to Fred, he is speaking to me too. Every human being's life is worth something. I come into this studio, and it's like every day I get a little jolt of self-esteem. I should have been watching this show my whole life."

That attitude might account for why most people who start working for *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* never leave. One by one crew members will tell you, with enormous pride, "Oh, yeah, Fred and I are good friends."

Johnny Costa is one of Rogers' closest friends, which many people, even

The tools of Rogers' trade are basic—puppets, sneakers, sweaters—and they help convey the persona of a favorite uncle who makes each child feel special.

Costa, find surprising. "We're opposites, me and Fred," Costa says, sitting at his piano in the corner of Studio A. A noted jazz pianist, Costa is a somewhat bawdy, crusty musician who puts the rich jazz combinations underneath Rogers' simple melodies, providing depth and texture. He has been here since the program started.

"Me, I'll enjoy a good steak," Costa says. "Now Fred, he would never think of eating a steak. And I'll enjoy a glass of wine. Fred doesn't drink. Fred, he would never swear. Me, I would swear. You follow me?

"But gee, if you strip away the facades and you think about the important things, we are almost exactly like brothers. We want the same things. We want beauty in music. We want a certain love that comes out. We often talk about heaven and about meeting Beethoven up there. Sometimes I'll say, 'But Fred, I may end up in hell.' And he'll tell me he thinks because of the music I give people, I'll end up in heaven. Boy, that makes me feel good. Wouldn't that make you feel good?"

Over on the set, Fred Rogers and young Brian Campbell are still playing. Brian makes the trolley go, then feeds the fish, while Rogers follows along, crouching down to Brian's level. The producer wants to turn this studio back into a place of work. "Come on, Fred," she says. But Rogers has one more thing to say to Brian. He gets on his knees and looks the child square in the eye. "You blessed my space today, Brian," he says.

Brian considers this. "Well, I'm glad you're here, Mister Rogers," he says. "But we'll probably never see each other again after today, will we?"

"We can still be television neighbors," Rogers says. "Can't we?"

"O.K.," Brian says, adding, "I am special, Mister Rogers, aren't I?"

"Yes, you are."

As a minister, Rogers has never thought of his television program, or Studio A, or any part of the world as a place to preach. "I never wanted to superimpose anything on anybody," he says. "I would like to think that I can create some sort of atmosphere that allows people to be comfortable enough to be who they are. And consequently, if they are, they can grow from there.

"A lot of this—all of this—is just tending soil."

What, in the end, was Fred Rogers' message to the Boston University Class of 1992?

At the baccalaureate service, he quoted from Saint-Exupéry's *The Little Prince*: *"L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux.* . . . What is essential is invisible to the eye."

And then he said, "It's not the honors and the prizes and the fancy outsides of life which ultimately nourish our souls. It's the knowing that we can be trusted, that we never have to fear the truth, that the bedrock of our very being is good stuff." He went on to ask, "What is essential about you that is invisible to the eye?" And he paused for a long time. Then he recited a song from his program called "It's You I Like": "It's you I like. It's not the things you wear. It's not the way you do your hair, but it's you I like. The way you are right now. The way deep down inside you. Not the things that hide you—not your diplomas, they're just beside you. But it's you I like, every part of you."

A stillness fell over the crowd. The people seemed to travel inward, looking for some part of themselves that they had long since forgotten—or some part they had not yet found.

Or something else entirely. Whatever it was, a lot of them cried. ▭

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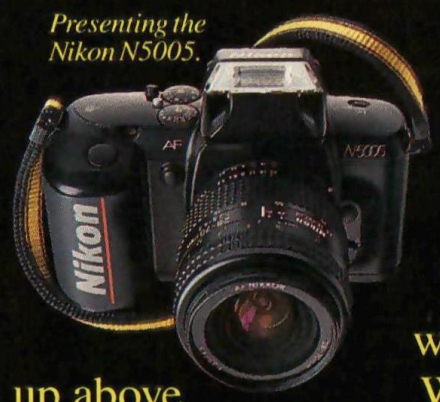


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stopped by for a drink and didn't leave

until the April thaw.

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SNAPSHOT

BY NORMAN RUSH

# A Tale of New City

This picture, taken in spring 1968, is of Miss Duncan's sixth-grade class, Street School, New City, Rockland County—when Rockland County was a placid and rather more rural northern exurb of New York City than it now is. In the picture are our son Jason (front row, second from the right) and Monica Kelly (second row, second from right). They are friends—and competitors, since Monica is Jason's closest rival in the long jump. This picture documents the beginning of a strong friendship between them that lasts through high school. It's also a picture from a bright and joyful time for Elsa and me as parents, before the onset of surely one of the most painful, taxing, diabolical, confounding and protracted adolescent campaigns for personal autonomy ever conceived and executed by a beloved child.

Jason and Monica's friendship in high school was not of the romantic sort, although during one period when Jason—furiously adolescing—left us to go and live as temporary son in a large family in Monica's neighborhood, he and Monica spent significant time in soulful discussions. In fact, these exchanges—on topics like life on other planets, the Vietnam war, cosmology, the existence of God—had begun earlier. Jason, unbeknownst to us, would climb out his bedroom window in the middle of the night, walk the mile and a half to Linden Court, and summon Monica by throwing pebbles at her window, upon which they would proceed to roam the neighborhood, deep in discourse. Very often they would invite Mary Christie (immediately to Monica's left in the class picture) to join them, in the unstated role of duenna. Jason thinks, in retrospect, that he and Monica were delicately maneuvering against the outbreak of unmanageable romantic feeling, which, culminating prematurely, might have threatened their deep friendship. Jason didn't even ask Monica to the senior prom. She was asked by several classmates but, tenderhearted to a fault and unable to bear choosing among them and hurting the feelings of the unchosen, stayed home. Monica and Jason chose different academic disciplines (mathematics for Jason, Spanish literature for Monica), went to different colleges, found widely different vocations, lived on opposite sides of the country. Each passed through serious attachments to others.

We were unaware of it, but in the years after high school Jason kept laconically and intermittently in touch with Monica by mail, mainly in the form of Valentine's Day cards. These cards were noted, not always so happily, by those with whom Monica and Jason were involved. In 1979 Jason escalated to sending chocolates along with the cards, prompting Monica to call Mary Christie, still her best friend, to ask her why she thought Jason was doing this. "Because he likes you, Monica," was Mary's analysis. Our relationship with Jason continued under strain—improving and worsening alternately, almost randomly, it seemed to us. To comfort Elsa, I proposed the theory that all would be well once Jason had found his mate certain, as had been the case in our lives. Monica continued to receive chocolates from Jason each Valentine's Day.

In their late twenties, Monica and Jason began, independently, to reflect on what each recognized had been an extraordinary early friendship. In 1984, the fifth year of chocolates, Monica telephoned us to ask for Jason's number in California. We provided it and must have sensed that her call was portentous, since we found ourselves, in its wake, straining to recapture everything we had ever known about Monica Kelly. There wasn't much. We were blocked by the success Jason had achieved in sealing off so much of his young life from us. For example, exhausted by contention over his personal housekeeping, we had agreed when Jason was still in grade school not to look into his room without first securing his permission. He wanted us to sign his report cards while he concealed the grade record with his little hand. In the fourth or fifth grade he originated an organization, the C.A.G. Its membership form concluded: "C.A.G. stands for Children Against Grownups, because children are constantly ruled by grownups. Children are not allowed to vote in political affairs or be nominated because GROWNUPS say so! Most of our parents are somthing like 3 or 4 times older than ourselves and they say that that makes them 3 or 4 times smarter than us, and most of them haven't even learned modern math!'' All we could recall about Monica, beyond the long-jumping connection, was that she was one of four striking sisters and that she had come once to our house, with one of her sisters, and had stood silently absorbed while Elsa, a handweaver then, demonstrated how her floor loom worked. We remembered Monica as a grave, lovely presence.

Monica and Jason reconnected. Extensive, ultimately daily, letter-writing and phone conversation took place. After several months of this, they contrived a rendezvous in New York City, with joint visits to both families. A feature of their visit with us was a tour of the several favorite trees in Linden Court under which they'd communed so long ago. From this time forward, our relationship with Jason was changed, becoming what our early joy in his existence had always promised it should be.

Jason and Monica married in 1987. Their sixth-grade class photo headed the wedding invitation. In the photo are their maid of honor (Mary Christie), their best man (Ricky Price, second from the left in the front row), and many of the guests. Monica and Jason are settled in Seattle now, where Jason is a mathematician on the faculty of the University of Washington and Monica is an editor. Isis Catherine Rush was born to them on August 27, 1991. When her school days begin, she will have to excuse her parents if they seem to show an unusual degree of interest in her class pictures.

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*Norman Rush won the 1991 National Book Award for his novel,* Mating.

**In the fifth year of chocolates, Monica telephoned**

ANNE GEDDES

# Baby Bumper Crop

You'd expect to find youngsters sleeping in a nursery, but not these little sprouts from Auckland, New Zealand. One quick shot—for a 1993 calendar—and the 123 potted tots were uprooted by their waiting moms and dads. ▭

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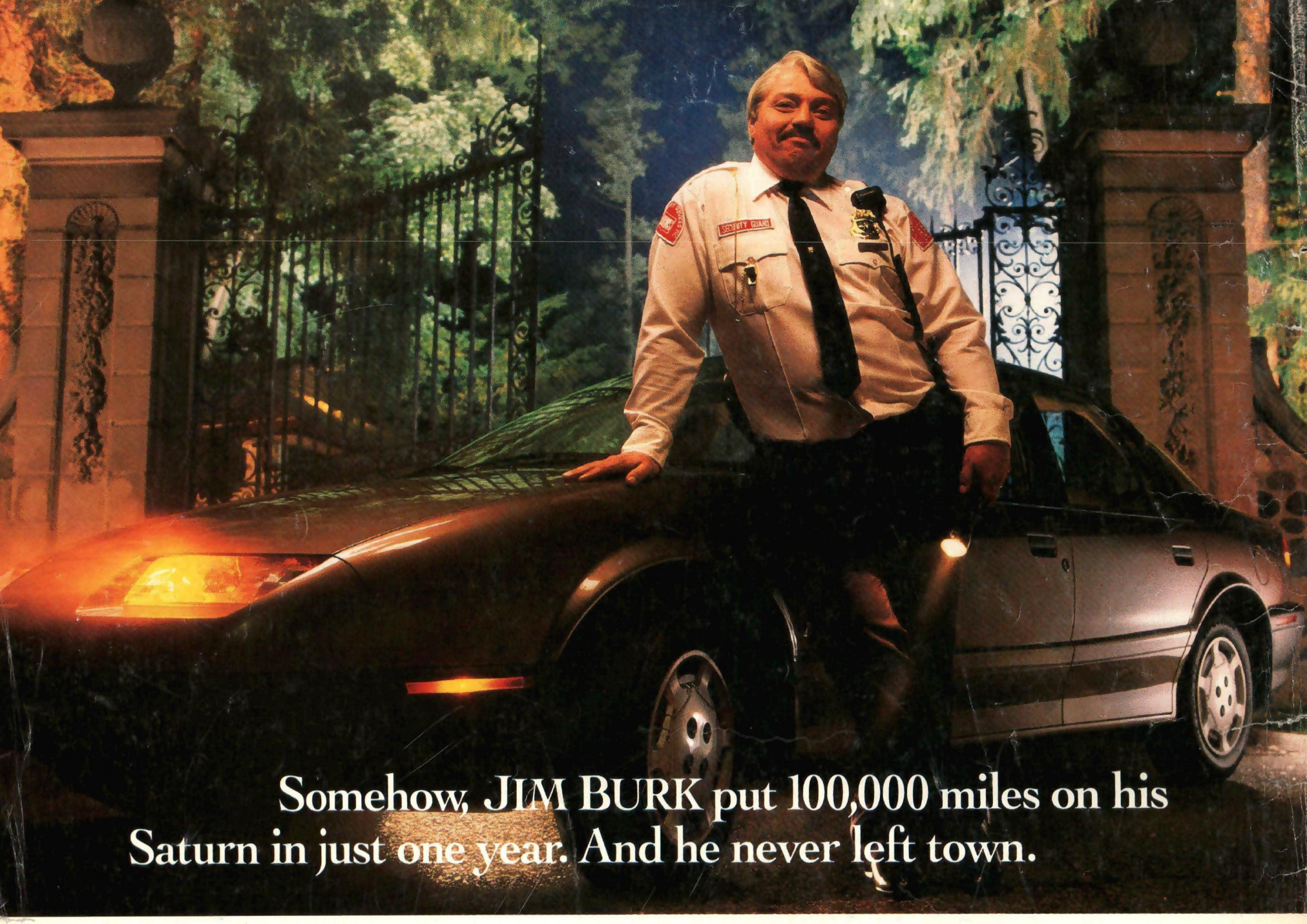


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